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THE STAGE HORSE.

A Broadway Incident.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I.

An old horse from a Broadway stage
  Lay bruised and cold and racked;
You'll say that for a poet's page
  That's a very homely fact.
And so it is, but homlier yet,
  They knocked him on the head,
And with no feeling of regret
  They left him there stone dead.

II.

Well, what of that?—this thought it brings—
  That old horse in his life
Had seen almost the self-same things
  That compass human strife.
To him and you and me were linked
  The dark and sunny season—
He read the lesson by instinct,
  And we by higher reason.

III.

And yet I more than half suspect
  That in his dying hour
He did not fail to recollect
  His days of mightier power,
When, fleet of foot and strong of wind,
  He dashed along the course,
And leaving other nags behind,
  Came in the champion horse.

IV.

When in old age, on bright Broadway,
  This stage horse chanced to spy
Some oat-fed charger prancing gay,
  He felt deep misery.
I know indeed no tears he shed,
  But in the woe of thought
He bowed his haggard equine head,
  And consolation sought.

V.

He'd known hard days and braved disaster;
  He'd been a luckless rover;
But he remembered one kind master
  Supported him in clover.
But times had changed, and one by one
  His friends had passed away;
His speed was gone, his work was done,
  Death came and closed his day.

VI.

Well, even so to you and me,
  Life's ever flickering flame,
Trimmed by Fate's hands of mystery,
  Brings wretchedness or fame;
But when our brief success is o'er,
  We find our friends have fled,
And those we trusted in before
  Just knock us on the head.

MISS KELSEY. DANSEUSE.

THE LIVING DEATH.

A TALE OF EVERYDAY MARTYRDOM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.
Author of "The Skeleton Hand," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE LIVING DEATH!

The gloomy day is ended, and the drearier night has come. The carpenter, who sees each moment bringing him nearer and nearer to the inevitable solution of his dread problem—he can tell how fast the shadows have deepened, how rapidly the chilly night has become freezing. He has watched the ghastly gleams from the street lamps as they streaked across the walls to the dark corners, as sheeted ghosts might steal into their sepulchral coffins.

He is on the watch now.

As cold as the atmosphere has become in that room, and as dense as are the shadows clustering therein, it will not be cold and dark enough this night to prevent that man from watching. He is watching with his eyes and with his ears—with his movements, with his thoughts. He is watching earth and heaven—himself, for he knows not how terribly he may be tempted—his wife, for he knows not how soon she may die. He watches with a watching which becomes almost paralysing, and with the silence of a wolf in his lair, as it he hoped to find some benefit astray in his wilderness, and pounce upon it by surprise.

For sooner or later, and near at farthest, he has a terrible problem to settle—to live or to die?

Not that he himself, after what he has suffered, against what he has hoped, would give many thoughts to the result. Living or dying, he has a faith in ultimate happiness which present sufferings can neither shake nor destroy. But it is not easy to reason and philosophise when the lives of his cherished ones are staked against the commonest necessities of their nature, and hence the struggle in those depths for an outlet—for a way of escape to at least the level where the masses fight life's great battle.

He thinks and discusses thus, walking silently to and fro, though he fails to see the height he requires. In the midst of his sufferings and uncertainties, he has another visitor—a bricklayer—who has labored many a day with him, and is a "good fellow," but he is now as poor and destitute as himself.

This visitor is an industrious and good-hearted man, who has just eaten the last morsel he sees any possibility of getting honestly, and who has come over, while the strength of the same is circulating in his blood to talk over matters with his old companion. He is sorry to discover his old companion in such misery, and to learn that he can say nothing, he being too much tortured by hunger and the other miseries of his situation to coolly discuss any proposition or project. Nevertheless, the carpenter is willing to hear what Mr. Johnson has to say—and hears it accordingly, with patience.

The conclusion at which the bricklayer has arrived is speedily stated. He says:

"When a man can't get work, and has nothing to live on, he must apply to his friends and neighbors for relief. In case his wants are not relieved by friends and neighbors, by reason of his not having friends and neighbors, he must go to the public at large—begging. Then, in case he cannot beg enough for his necessities, he must take the only alternative. No man's compelled to commit suicide, and no one ought to starve—*ergo*, he who can neither *earn* nor *beg* a living, has a moral right to *steal* it!"

This is the extraordinary Bill of Rights Mr. Johnson's necessities suggested, and he formulates it as rigidly as states and nations are sometimes placed under martial law. He adds that he has arrived at the *ergo* in the case, and announces that his next movement will be a dash at some pocket containing more money than his own. In other words, bakeries, stores, banks, and exchange offices—in short, all places where money is kept—must expect a speedy visitation at his, the said Johnson's, hands. Not to mince the matter, he has his eye on a certain money-drawer, which he intends to——

Johnson is startled, at this point of his confidences, by the excitement of his neighbor.

"As if," said Clayton, with pitying sarcasm, "I had not thought of all this before! Think of my sick wife, my dead child, and look at everything around you, and say if my thoughts, if the thoughts of any man, never go beyond what is legal, what is *right*. Have I not thought of every conceivable form of villainy in the terrible hours I have been walking here? Haven't I fought my way daily and hourly, inch by inch, against the most awful temptations a man can have to do wrong? Don't mention it—don't think of it! It's madness! it's folly!"

The bricklayer is astonished at the vehemence with which these words are uttered, and sees that the mental agonies of this man have much exceeded his own sufferings—to make him so terribly excited.

"Don't mention it!" repeated the carpenter, in a tone so loud that his wife again awakened. "I will soon tell you the sum and substance of all that. One deviation on your part from the paths of honesty would bring you to the Tombs, in spite of any excuse of want you might offer. *Luxury is the cause of more villainy than necessity*—a thousand times more. It is in luxury, and to support luxury, or its sister, dissipation, that nine-tenths of all crimes are committed. For want, there is no outlet in that manner. Men train themselves to dishonest practices to get an easy living—bring all the powers of mind and body to the accomplishment of crime—spend entire lives in the perfection of their craft—and these are the only villains who really succeed. Let you or me step out of our plodding career to do a dishonest act we should fail at once. Now-a-days the highest kind of science and intelligence is requisite to the successful commission of crime."

Mr. Johnson was impressed by these statements, and began to see even his last refuge from poverty cut off by his neighbor's logic.

"Well, if there is so little chance for me to be a villain, when driven to it," he said, "what am I to do?"

"You are to bear your afflictions in patience and with hope," was the carpenter's reply; "with a hope whose fulfilment will be proper and just. Intelligence increases our temptations, and increases our faculties for wrong-doing, but let us have that religion in our knowledge without which wisdom is a curse. *It is better to die in innocence than live in guilt;* and he whose adhesion to right makes him an outcast on earth, shall be numbered among the richest and happiest in heaven."

"Oh, if I could only think so!" said Johnson, with a sigh.

"I hope you will so far believe me as to give over your mad schemes for effecting a change in your lot. *Honesty now and always* should be your resolve; firstly, because it is right—and, secondly, because it is safe."

"It shall be. I thank you for your advice. It is as good as a supper. Who knows what will still turn up for our benefit?"

With this exhibition of returning virtue Johnson resolves to go back to his attic. Clayton is soon left to himself, his problem something nearer its solution. "I know it is a living death," he muttered, resuming his walk, "to live such a life as mine is becoming. The *very poor* laborer not only dies in his sufferings and privations, but in his failure to attain that spiritual progression and development which is at once the greatest aim and privilege of existence. He dies in having the spirit chained down to the earthly wants of the body—in exercising the hand so much and the mind so little. He dies a living death in becoming materialized, degraded, a mere machine of flesh and blood—in being confined to a labor which is uncertain and inadequately paid!"

He listened and waited a moment for the coming of his daughter, and then turned towards his wife, thinking he heard her sob. He pronounced her name in a low voice, but she did not reply to him, she hesitating to let him know that she was weeping over his woes.

"True labor," he continued, arising, "consists in doing something to increase the sum of good and happiness in the world, and thereby advancing the glory of God. To thus labor is the first duty, as it is the highest privilege of life. To thus labor is to pray, and to have at all seasons and all hours, whatever one's earthly lot, a treasure laid up in heaven!"

He continues that mournful walk, his steps becoming quicker and more excited, the night darkening, the cold getting more intense, his thinly clad form shivering. He waits and listens, walks about and leans against the wall, seats himself and gets up again—so continuing till he is weary. He becomes more and more apprehensive of evil, again and again repeating, "*Why don't she come?*" and every time with increasing excitement. He hears ribald laughs and oaths in the street, sees omnibuses and horse-cars furiously driven—pictures to himself the insensible and bleeding form of his darling brought home on a shutter—bethinks himself how corrupt officials have arrested honest young girls in the street, on their way home from a hard day's labor, and imprisoned them as women of bad character—imagines a pale and delicate girl followed through the least frequented streets and insulted by rowdies—thus thinking and worrying till he is in a fever of excitement and alarm.

"Why don't she come!" he repeats again, flying to the door, that eternity of anxious watching culminating in restless terror. "Where can she be so long? Where—where?"

Hark! He suddenly hears a wild moaning cry, and reels backwards, as if smitten by a heavy blow, gasping out that it is *his daughter's voice!*

He hears the cry repeated in a sharper and more agonized tone—hears footsteps—the rattling of wheels—sounds of a struggle—hurried and panting breathing—and rushes up the cellar-way just in time to catch a glimpse of a woman struggling in the arms of a man, her face deathly pale and bleeding, and her clothes half torn from her bosom, in the effort to thrust her into a carriage.

"Save me!—oh, save me!" comes to his ears in a thrilling cry.

A rush forward, a few blows, and two men spring upon the carriage and drive her furiously away, while the carpenter receives the half-fainting form of the woman in his arms.

He gazes upon her face by the dim light of an adjacent street lamp. He sees that it is his expected daughter.

There are the same auburn tresses curling round her neck—the same blue eyes—the same delicate yet womanly form—and with a cry of joy the father clasps her to his heart.

CHAPTER IV.

NAMELESS!

In the silence and darkness of that night at a late hour, when the stars were waning in the hollow sky, a youthful figure, without any hat and only one shoe, goes feebly and erratically through the streets, wandering up and down with strange murmurs and snatches of song, his steps eventually tending towards the carpenter's house.

A strange figure he is in the ghostly night, thus wandering so homeless and destitute.

"Nameless here forevermore!"

His clothes are thin and scanty, evidently a summer suit he has been unable to change. His face is winning and singularly expressive of intelligence, yet dark and deep in its radiant beauty as a cloud on which uncontrollable lightnings come and go. It is surrounded by long and flowing black hair, such as Rubens gave to his mad prophetess, and his eyes are strangely restless and piercing—completing so much that is weird and unearthly in his appearance—making him look so like some lost spirit of another world—that we might almost expect to see a supernatural light in his shadow.

Onward goes this figure until he reaches the street wherein resides the carpenter and his family, when his strange murmurs give place to deeper tones:—

"By a route obscure and lonely,
  Haunted by ill-angels only.....
I have wandered home but nearly,
  From this ultimate dim Thule!"

The weird melody is hushed as the wanderer arrives in front of the basement occupied by the carpenter and his family. He seems to note the silence and darkness reigning around, but goes on unfalteringly, as if familiar with the locality, passing down the cellar-way with rapid and noiseless steps. On opening the door and entering, the young man finds himself clasped around the neck by a pair of soft arms, while a low cry of joy, followed by a sigh of relief, is breathed upon his bosom.

"Blessed confidence in woman's love," said the youth, shivering with the cold he had brought in with him, while he returned the embrace. "I should not have come so late, but I knew you was standing here and watching!"

"Oh! I am so glad to see you!" exclaimed the girl, who was Miss Clayton. "I have been so afraid you would not come! I have been terribly frightened!"

As she leads the visitor to a seat, she tells him how she was detained at a house in Greene street until long after dark by a strange man, under pretence of giving her a good situation, and how, after getting suspicious and stealing away from him, she was seized just before the door by this man and another one, and rescued by her father. She then pleasantly narrates how the principal of the two ruffians gave her five dollars at the house in Greene street, while she was waiting, in order to keep her quiet—how she retained the money in her hand during all the trouble and excitement with them; and how she has since expended it judiciously, making her parents and herself comfortable for a day or two to come, as may witness the cheerful fire burning in the grate.

"By the way, dear Edgar," she suddenly adds, "have you had any supper?"

The youth replies in the negative, at the same time approaching the fire. Martha hastens to give him the new chair she has bought for fifty cents of the five dollars, gets him some bread and cheese, and makes him a cup of tea—moving about as noiselessly as a fairy, lest she should waken her father after his long watching, or her afflicted mother, both sleeping in one corner on the bed we have had occasion to notice, and which had been much rejuvenated from its late wretched condition by a new blanket and several bundles of straw.

The youth eats as if hungry, receiving the attentions of his companion as a matter of course, and in silence, though not without a rising emotion, which brings tears to his eyes ere the simple repast is concluded.

"You are very kind and considerate, my darling," he said, kissing her. "You are too much of an angel for this world—too good for such a wretch as I——"

"Hush, hush, dear Edgar! I would not have you get wild and reckless again to-night! Where have you been this evening?"

"Down to the North River!"

The maiden shuddered, holding him close to her heart, her mind going down to the dark piers and rushing waters, above which stood a shivering and delicate figure,

——"Ready to be hurled,
Anywhere, everywhere, out of the world!"

"I saw a man come down the street to the pier and plunge into the water——"

"Horror?" said Martha.

It was the painter!

"I thought how much better off I would be in the same position, but it was natural to raise an alarm—or to try to. Nobody came. Finally a sleepy policeman appeared, but would put no confidence in my story. I grew indignant—so excited that I came away from the river!"

"You ought not to stay away from us so long. Eat all you can, such food as we have, and get warm by the fire. You must have been very chilly—very hungry, too, for your shining eyes and pale features show it! You ought not to permit yourself to be driven on in this delirium of the soul—in these reckless frenzies of exalted genius!"

"Poor Martha! what moves the comets in their orbits? Do you know? Can you stop them in their spheres—in their everlasting ONWARD?"

"There, there, darling! be calm. It is little that we can do for you just now, but you know that I always have something, enough to keep you from actual suffering. Won't you promise me not to stay away from me another night so late?"

She sees how wild is the light in his eyes and draws his head down upon her bosom, soothing him with her low whispers, made musical by love. She reminds him how happy they have been together in the past, when she was getting three dollars per week in a store, and he eight dollars as an assistant editor of a Sunday paper. The allusion to this last service arouses a latent vindictiveness which breaks out in the words:—

"Curse them; they cut out the best part of my article on the Great Plagiarist—that which likens him to a Satyr dissolving the diamonds of others in his own acids and pouring forth the compound thus made——"

"Let them all go together," the poor girl hastens to say. "The present clouds will soon pass away and we shall be happy again—as happy as ever!"

His emotions grow less violent and he becomes more calm. Strange child of genius! one could see all his character and destiny at a glance. With a mind so vast and comprehensive that he could traverse instantaneously the whole empire of God, "through abysmal universes," he was yet houseless and homeless among men. With a soul so lofty and aspiring that it could ascend to the unshadowed light of the highest heavens, there was still enough of the dark and satanic in its composition to drag him down to the lowest depths of the deep. With the clearest and most critical reasonings could he attack the facts or theories of a cotemporary, and at the same be guilty of acts so wild, so perfectly insane, that no logic could reconcile them with even an ordinary degree of sense. He was thus an anomaly among his fellows—the embodiment of intellectuality, at the same time that he possessed the weaknesses of the ignorant and the erring: the living incarnation of the lightning and the storm!

NAMELESS shall he be in our story. "I have been thinking to-night," he at last observed, in an abstracted voice, "that Alcyone, not Aldefaran, is the centre of the universe, the Central Sun around which all systems revolve. The bulk of our sun would make 1,338,000 such globes as this we live upon, and Sirius, the dog-star, is twelve times as large as our sun, or 17,000,000 times larger than the earth. Now, as Sirius, though the nearest fixed star, and comprising such a huge bulk, is a mere point in the heavens, and no telescopic powers of magnification can ever reduce to a face, or plain surface, you see the impossibility of arriving at any just idea of the immensity of the more distant fixed stars, those from which the light cannot come to the earth in millions of years. What we do know is this, that our world is not so much as one drop in the ocean to all the worlds around us!"

The maiden makes only a response sufficient to show that she is attentive to his words, and he does not pay any attention to even that. He continues thinking, gradually giving way to the drowsy feelings which take possession of his exhausted frame, and readily sinking into a sort of doze, he sleeps sweetly at last, and the maiden sits beside him, watching over his slumbers in thoughtful silence.

CHAPTER V.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

There is a sensation on Broadway!

"Beautiful—how beautiful!" is the exclamation on many a lip, as Miss Carry Singleton sweeps majestically down the West side of the great thoroughfare, on the afternoon succeeding her reunion with Alfred Cloud, otherwise Higgins, otherwise the Earl of Glenston.

She is arrayed in the most superb manner, and her person glitters with jewels. Her eyes adeot to droop before the attention her loveliness provokes, and a flush is upon her cheeks, which might readily pass for youthful freshness, even to eyes accustomed to rouge.

She is followed at no great distance by a carriage, and her eyes take care to observe the pedestrians passing her, for she is on the look-out for—Nameless, the lover of Miss Martha Clayton.

He has that morning received an anonymous and strangely exciting letter, written on the nicest of paper, and in the most beautiful of female hands, requesting him to come up Broadway on the West side, at that hour, and assuring him that he will meet the person who takes the liberty of sending that note to his residence.

At last she meets him!

She knows him by the likeness with which she has been furnished, and hastens to place herself in his path, to salute him with a sweet and confiding respect; to reveal her identity with the author of the note burning in his thoughts and being crumpled in his excited hand.

He gazes like one bewildered upon her.

He is still quite a youth in years, but manly in person and mind. He is handsome, too—not in the effeminate style of the popular ideal of the drawing room; but in the honest and intelligent dignity the painters love to ascribe to their heroes upon the field of battle.

"Come," says the woman, in a low voice which seems to him the sweetest of music, as she looks up languidly into his face, "I am tired of walking so far; my carriage is ready; come."

He makes no opposition, gazing upon her like one in a trance. They enter the carriage and disappear from the scene.

The lady conducts the young man to the Dusseldorf Gallery, to the Academy of Design, to sundry Art Exhibitions, and to the great bookstores of the metropolis—all the while discoursing with him in the most voluble and intelligent manner. She speaks eloquently and understandingly of the great masters of poetry, painting and sculpture, whose works are thus presented to their notice—so wisely and appreciatingly speaks, that he is charmed with her more than with any other woman he has ever seen. She is so radiant, so intelligent, so much an angel suddenly descended into the desert of his life!

Time wears along, and the shades of twilight begin to descend upon the city. The streets lamps are lit, stores and residences sparkling in a blaze of light, and crowds of people of all classes and conditions passing along the great thoroughfares of the town. The lady remarks to her erratic companion that he will go home with her and take tea, *of course*, as she has not yet gratified his curiosity respecting the letter he has in his pocket.

"But—but I—I have an engagement for this evening," stammered the youth; "elsewhere—quite urgent!"

He was thinking of the pale Martha Clayton, in that desolate basement in Varick street, now expecting his presence.

"Time enough," was the reply, as she smiled sweetly upon him, and drew his arm in her own. "All in good time."

They are driven away to a splendid mansion in University place, where the astonished and bewildered man of letters is most politely and attentively made at home in the gorgeously furnished parlors. Tea is soon ready, and the enchantress and her proposed victim are *tete-a tete* together.

But Nameless does not sit and drink with a zest—the highly seasoned food and sparkling wines are scarcely heeded. He seems as absorbed and abstracted, in the midst of this dream-like magnificence, as if he were in reality in a dream. He sees not only that lovely face before him, the gorgeous furniture and carpets, the floods of light, the glowing paintings on the walls, the genial warmth of that quiet parlor, the fair hands which so kindly wait upon him, the ease and luxury expressed in every object that meets eye—oh, no! From that magnificence his thoughts go back to the desolations of the past, trailing low in the dust!

Oh! the thorny bye-ways by which he has come up from the cradle to that hour! Drunken with the glories and pleasures of existence's divine comedy, as seen by the light of a vivid faith and lofty genius, what have been the fettering realities of the world to him? What, though his coat is threadbare, and his last dollar has been given to some needy friend? What though he has been chained down to the ephemeral literature of the day, and so confined and restrained that he has never soared aloft on the wings he feels conscious of possessing—he has still walked and talked with the master-spirits of all ages, and revelled in joys of which a dull and plodding nature can form no idea. If his body has starved and been hungry, his spirit has feasted and been blest!

"You seem strangely thoughtful, to-night," said the voice of the syren. "I know that you have passed through the furnace of affliction, but let it be as a thing forgotten. I know that you have been desolate, in the spheres to which your soul has ascended, but believe not that you are alone. I, too, have sighed for companionship—for one congenial spirit—for one who could understand and appreciate the nobler truths of existence and reply to the aspirations of my own soul."

"Are you, then, unhappy in the midst of this magnificence?"

"Alas! all earthly joys are fleeting," she sighed (having hired this splendidly furnished house for only one month). "In this stupid and blundering world of ours, it is not always that those who are the best qualified for each other's happiness chance to come together. You, for instance—I suppose you have already been enslaved by some fair girl who has scarcely a thought or feeling in common with your own."

"No, no," he hastened to reply, as her eyes drooped, and a deep agitation shook her frame. "I am free!"

"Oh! joy!" cried the woman, catching his hand and pressing it rapturously to her lips—and then, as if suddenly reminded of the impropriety of the act, hiding her face in her hands.

Already in his soul the young man had compared this radiant woman with the pale girl who had lately reigned over his best hopes and thoughts—and the comparison, in the excitement of the moment, had been much to poor Martha's disadvantage. Still, he had no intentions of casting her off for this new acquaintance, nor of parading the fact that he was not legally bound to Martha, for he had intended his deportment to give her hope and encouragement, though there were as yet no formal declarations and agreements between them.

"And are you then gratified at a fact of such little importance?" he demanded. "Has my brief acquaintance with you been so agreeable that you would like it to continue?"

She replied only with a smile, as she moved closer to his side—after a quick glance at the door leading from the hall.

A long conversation ensued, which was about as sensible upon the part of Nameless as could have been expected under all the circumstances of the case. He admitted that he was pleased with the interest Miss Singleton was taking in his happiness and welfare, and declared that he should be happy to see her again, and to cultivate her more intimate acquaintance. But he assured her that she was paying him a great deal more attention than he deserved, and that she had formed too high and favorable an opinion of him altogether.

He finally arose to take his leave, but first desired her to inform him what she meant by declaring in her letter to him that she would reveal the secret of his life if he would obey her desire for a meeting. To this demand she laughingly replied that she would defer the explanation till she saw him again—at the same time drawing him down on to the sofa where she was seated and clasping him in her arms, he gently commencing a struggle for his freedom.

"Now," she said, "now, dear friend, thou art all mine!"

She turned away her face from the small vial she had held under the nostrils of her victim. He did not move or speak, but lay insensible in her arms, his head resting heavily upon her breast, he being overcome by the drug.

"Darling, darling!" she murmured in a louder voice, "Thou art all mine!"

The door behind the couple was opened at that moment and a pale face looked in upon them—the face of Martha Clayton!

CHAPTER VI.

THE VILLAIN AND MR. CLAYTON.

Mr. Clayton was seated in the same basement where we have hitherto seen him, but it now looked so comfortable and tidy that it seemed a new abode. The cheerful fire, the comfortable bed, quite an array of furniture, to say nothing of a liberal supply of provisions still remaining on the table—all showed that the magic influence of money had been at work in his behalf. The truth was, Miss Clayton had received fifty dollars (as a loan until better days should dawn) from some unknown friend, and the father had as certainly received fifty dollars from his daughter, the source of which he was very much puzzled to discover.

"Don't you recollect," said Martha, in reply to his question, "the young man who called here last night—who gave me some information in a very secret manner—whom I accompanied outdoors an hour or two? Well, that is the man who loaned me the fifty dollars, and he is the young Earl of Glenston!"

"The Earl of Glenston!" exclaimed the parent, with the surprise natural to a man who had lived many years in the vicinity of the Earl's estates; "I knew that the young man had come into his father's shoes, but I have not seen him since he was a mere lad of five or six years. And so the new Earl is in New York. Does he take such interest in a former tenant of his father's as to call on me?——"

"It was not that, father. He called on a private matter—to inform me of Edgar's intimacy with a bad woman, and to give me a chance to see his guilt for myself."

"And—and—"

"And I so saw Edgar's guilt," she firmly said, "and the fact ends all between us. I am now in the mood to leave poetry and dreams, and marry a butcher or grocer, whenever one shall offer!"

There was the natural English spoken in that declaration, but it cost Miss Clayton a great effort to say it.

"Nonsense," rejoined the carpenter, "this will all blow over in a day or two."

"Never!"

The carpenter gazed upon her in surprise.

"You women," he finally said, "are strange creatures. I never knew but one real woman."

He glanced at his wife, who smiled upon him in a manner which showed that she was recovering fast. Martha soon took a light and went up stairs to bed, while the carpenter sat thoughtfully by the fire. Ere long there was a visitor, whom he recognized as the young man of the preceding night, and consequently as the Earl of Glenston.

The meeting was pleasant in the extreme to both parties. Mr. Clayton was rejoiced at hearing that the Earl would soon give him a good situation, taking him and his family back to England; and his pretended lordship was much gratified at seeing with what confidence and respect he was already regarded. He had made up his mind to poison Mr. Clayton and his wife, and to destroy the daughter—driven on to this step by the thought that a certain lawyer in England, and a host of his friends, no doubt, were familiar with the true facts respecting the Earlship and the Glenston estates. He had also made up his mind to destroy this lawyer as soon as he had an opportunity of doing so, after his return to England, for only by such an unpitying course of action could he hope to retain his usurped position.

An hour was passed in agreeable conversation, and then his lordship arose to return to his hotel—at the same time expressing a desire for Mr. Clayton to accompany him, as he had important communications to make with the aid of some legal documents in his possession. They took a coach together, and were soon in the room where we have already seen his lordship, otherwise Alfred Higgins, take possession in such a violent manner.

"And now," said the crafty villain, after he had seated his visitor on the luxurious sofa, "let us take a quiet glass together."

Mr. Clayton was not in the habit of using intoxicating liquors, and a refusal arose to his lips, but he finally thought he would not run the risk of giving his lordship offence. The latter run his eye over the list of poisons and drugs he had so opportunely found in a little cabinet on the table, the property of his predecessor—finally starting with quite a cry of surprise and consternation.

"What is the matter, my lord?" asked Mr. Clayton.

He smiled grimly, with a desperate effort endeavoring to shake off the terror which so terribly agonized his senses at that moment, at his discovery that the bottle he had supposed was chloroform, and used as such, on the preceding night, was a harmless cordial, while the vial labelled chloroform was still uncorked!

Heavens! had he made such a mistake?

He bounded into the little bedroom where he had left the trunk containing the supposed corpse of his predecessor. This trunk—he saw it at a glance—had been burst open: the bogus Earl of Glenston was gone!

"Lost! ruined!" he gasped, with a mortal despair, as he sank into a chair.

"Ah!" said the carpenter, regarding the trunk, "your room has been entered in your absence; thieves have been here!"

"Yes, yes! that's it," was the reply. "But—but let us take a drink, and I will soon raise an alarm. Come!"

He led the way to the table, and, watching his opportunity, deposited a poison in the glass of Mr. Clayton—a poison so deadly, that he must have been destroyed instantly had it passed his lips.

"Here's to our better acquaintance and our happiness!" said the assassin, as he raised his glass to his lips. "Ah! it's done!"

The glass was dashed from the hand of the carpenter, even as he was poising it to his lips—and a third form was seen beside him, that of a man who had just come noiselessly out from behind the congee from the adjoining apartment. It was the bogus earl, whom Alfred Higgins had, until the previous moment, supposed to be dead in the trunk. Calmly and fearlessly he confronted the latter.

"I was only in a faint," he said, "when you stowed me away in the trunk. The liquid was simply nervine, and as such could have no effect. Your delay in sending off the trunk, and the assistance which *la femme du chambre* afforded me, has spoilt you plans. Bold villain, you are foiled! Even now the police are waiting in the ante-chamber! They will take you to prison!"

"Never! I hold one trump yet!" cried the desperate man, as he recoiled for a single instant from the opening doors, which revealed, as if by magic, several grim custodians of the law.

The rush which Cloud then made was awful to see! A revolver blazed in his right hand, and, with the first report, the victim of the trunk fell dead! Two or three of the police were wounded, and Cloud made his escape.

"By heaven! he's off!" said the lieutenant in command. "I wonder if there'll be a reward offered?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6¼ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

IMPORTANT TO CLIPPER CORRESPONDENTS.

Post Office affairs have reached such mammoth proportions, that the Post Master, James Kelly, has felt compelled to issue the following notice, so as to aid and accelerate the distribution of letters and papers, to which correspondents of the CLIPPER are requested to pay attention:—

"POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, December, 1867.

"Your earnest and immediate attention is called to the following notice. In view of the very large number of letter boxes, and the very great and rapidly increasing quantity of mail matter constantly passing through the same, it is respectfully requested that all parties renting boxes direct their correspondents to include in the address of both their letters and printed matter, the number of the box in which they should be placed. A compliance with the above request will greatly facilitate the delivery of all mail matter. JAMES KELLY, P. M."

The number of the CLIPPER's letter box is 3,860; of its newspaper box, 59.

To Correspondents.

AMBITIOUS CHARLIE, Philadelphia.—1. John S. Clarke was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1832. 2. Ristori arrived in this country Sept. 10, 1866, and made her *debut* Sept. 20th, in "Medea," at the French Theatre. 3. "Under the Gaslight" is produced by the manageress of the theatre with her own stock company, and without the aid of the parties you mention. 4. Mr. Stoner has not sent for his letter.

A READER.—1. See our dramatic summary for the present whereabouts of Mr. Brookes. 2. Louisa is in Boston. 3. Fanny is playing this week in Williamsburgh. 4. J. H. Allen is in Australia. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Jamison are in this city. 6. Fanny Brown was with the Wilson Circus in Australia at last advices.

J. S. AND P. J.—Jimmy Elliott and Bill Davis were to have fought in Schoharie County, N. Y., for $2,000 and the Championship, Nov. 21, 1865. The police stopped it, however, and not being able to agree as to another place of meeting, the stakes were drawn.

JONATHAN BELL, Detroit, Mich.—When owing to the mistake in arrangement of blanks, all hands unanimously agreed to a second drawing, it was wrong for any one to object to said second drawing. The only proper time to have objected was when it was proposed, and not after it had taken place.

HARRY, F. S., Lancaster, Pa.—1. At all fours, if the dealer needs but one point, turning up Jack puts him out at once. 2. The point for turning up Jack is taken at once. 3. The deal does not pass on account of a mis-deal; if it were so the "beggar" would lose his privilege.

C. C., Bangor, Me.—1. W. E. Harding is a newspaper reporter. 2. Peter Dailey fought a draw with Johnny Lazarus and beat George Siddons. 3. Only once that we know of—with Belcher. 4. A letter sent in our care will reach him.

CONSTANT READER, Syracuse, N. Y.—Tom Allen and Bill Ryall are traveling together. They arrived from England some months since. Whether they are the parties you refer to or not we cannot say positively, but we think they are.

WM. STROTHERS, Louisville, Ky.—1. Heenan was born May 1, 1834. He fought Morrissey Oct. 20, 1858. 2. Helen Western plays the "French Spy." 3. Lucille. 4. Collyer is Champion of Light Weights.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Glenns Falls.—We cannot decide unless we know what game of dice you are throwing, for you do not mention whether it was raffles, Boston, or the aggregate three throws.

J. H. D., New Brunswick.—1. Dexter never trotted with a running mate. 2. They get paid according to their merits, or receive a certain per centage.

BENJAMIN, Upper Sandusky, O.—There are no recognized authorative rules of poker dice, but in this section three sixes and two deuces beat three aces and two deuces.

H. P. C., Lancaster.—Send a letter to Sam Sharpley to our care. He can give you all the information you require about the troupe.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago.—Call upon any manager of a traveling company, and let him see what you can do, and, if possessing merit, you will no doubt get an engagement.

PONTIFEX.—"A, B, C and D are playing euchre; D deals, takes it up, and plays alone; B also plays alone, and euchres D. Does B count four or only two?"......Only two.

X. E.—1. We never heard of such a person being in the firm. 2. Mr. Buckley is traveling with a minstrel company. See summary.

TOM DOWD, Boston, Mass.—Gladiateur's 1 mile 17 yards in 1 minute 39 seconds, at Newmarket, Eng., is the fastest time on record.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis, Mo.—Heenan has not figured in the P. R. since his fight with Tom King, at Wadhurst, Eng., Dec. 10, 1863.

PITTSBURGH.—1. Hamill's time in his race with Ward over the Upper Monongahela Course was 40:46. Coulter's time over the same course, when he pulled against Mekiel, was 41:50.

CULLY, Brookline, Mass.—1. It does not count game. 2. If you have no tramp, you can play any card you please. 3. We are not aware that Billy is open for a chance at present.

G. W. S., Washington.—1. It has seating capacity for eighteen hundred people. 2. The old Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, had the largest stage of any theatre in this country.

J. V. L. R., Wheeling, W. Va.—Heenan weighed 200lbs. in his first fight, 168lbs. when he fought Sayers, and 196lbs. the day he met King.

H. S. C., Baltimore.—They do not get any definite salary, but a share of the nightly gross receipts. Some nights they receive $300 while at other times $500 to $600.

NICODEMUS, Newark.—1. One of the ladies is said to be married, but we cannot vouch for the report. 2. Jennie is twenty. 3. He is thirty-one years of age. 4. He is her brother-in-law.

E. F. B., Philadelphia.—At cribbage, three deuces, one tray and an eight count twelve, viz., six for fifteens and six for pair-royal.

T. H. W., Wood Run.—We published full particulars of the lady in her biography which appeared in the CLIPPER of December 28th.

CHICAGO.—We cannot state precisely what the population of London, Eng., is, but the taking of the last census showed it to be 2,803 634.

FAT BILLY.—1. It is pronounced as if spelt Tems. 2. Dan Bryant was born in Troy, N. Y., in 1833. 3. Billy Birch.

MAXEY, Detroit.—Having ordered it up, you are the only one entitled to go alone.

J. D., Philadelphia.—We do not think that the gentleman could have accomplished the distance in the time stated.

LONE HAND.—The party who orders up, or makes the trump, can go alone, but no other.

MANSTON, O.—He was never beaten, but lost the champion cue through forfeiting to Louis Fox, now deceased.

A. C. D., Boston.—D can fill the blind and straddle and raise it, if he desires to do so.

"REX."—In remembrance of old times, we have "located" your ad. in this issue.

PENN STREET, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. The player on the left of the dealer is entitled to the count for game. 2. The Jack counts.

J. H. P., Beaver, Pa.—We take the ground that the player who orders up, or makes the trump, can go alone, and he only.

J. B.—Trustee, Lady Fulton, Captain McGowan and John Stewart each trotted twenty miles inside of an hour.

M. C. CORROLL, Evansville, Ind.—Aaron Jones was, according to his own account, born March 1, 1833

LOGS, Louisville.—Your chances would be very poor just now; you had better remain where you are at present.

E. H.—Where no given number is to be beaten, and a tie occurs between two players, it is a draw.

S. C. B., Boston.—He has retired from the profession, and is living at Yorkville near this city.

J. M.—1. Mr. Browne is living somewhere in Vermont. 2. Cannot locate Mr. Church.

B. F. D., Canton, O.—The money sent pays for three insertions $35 84 for three months.

INQUIRER, Philadelphia.—It never amounted to anything; those who went were glad to get back.

D. & Co., Cincinnati.—We have no room for longer articles than those we already give.

J. P., Hamilton.—We do not send direct from the office. The agents attend to that.

R. H. D.—Any shoe that laces tight around the ankle will answer.

C. O. G., Savannah.—We have nothing of the kind at present.

S. W., St. Louis.—To save time you had better send a deposit.

J. B. W., Mobile.—Wm. C. Macready, the tragedian, still lives.

PEGGY HUGHES.—It's a trifle too hefty for us, Peggy.

MOSE, Troy.—We never saw or heard of the party.

GREEN GOOSE.—We know nothing of the parties.

SUBSCRIBER, Petersburgh, Va.—"Wallabout" is a spurious title.

BRIDESBURGH.—B wins, as high, low score out before Jack.

AN ACTOR, Philadelphia.—Thank you; will make use of it.

E. L. GAPP, Utica.—Items of interest are always acceptable.

DUTCH KILLS.—D cannot play it alone.

NOVICE.—For divers reasons.

MURPHY.—We cannot say; if you are in doubt, keep out.

H. D. W. E., Binghampton, N. Y.—R. Ostensacken, V. C., 52 Exchange Place, is the Russian Consul in this city.

H. A. C.—Cannot say where you can procure a copy of the CLIPPER of that date.

PRINTER, Hartford, Ct.—As 125 was not nearer to 150 than to 100, H lost.

J. E. H., St Louis, Mo.—Write to the American News Co., No. 119 Nassau street, N. Y.

THE TWO GIANTS—DICKENS AND O'BALDWIN.

"There were giants in those days," so says the old proverb. Yes, and there are giants in *these* days. Giants in writing whose tender words thrill the finer fancies of the human soul; whose cutting satire breaks the brittle armor of cant and hypocrisy; and whose brilliant thoughts crush the adamantine rocks of prejudice, and seizing the gold of Truth burn it in the crucible of justice and bring forth the tried and perfect metal.

Then there are giants in pugilism, who strike mighty blows from educated fists; who gain, with magical quickness, the "principal events;" and who knock "time" out of their opponents with the rapidity that characterized the great Napoleon's movements in his palmier days.

And giants there be in billiards, who make the green cloth ground for the tourney, and who, with nicely-chalked cues, wrest championships from champions, and force the pretty spheres with mathematical precision into the longing arms of a "nurse."

And chess, too, has its giants. Quiet men with calm faces, who blind their eyes and then beat you out of your boots in silent good nature—men who give the queen's knight, and then take your queen—men before whom Miron bows in wondering admiration.

Skating owns giants, as well. Dainty women, with pretty ankles and swelling calves, who make wonderful curli-ques, and who seemingly defy all of Mr. Newton's laws of gravitation, are amongst these; and bearded men, on the surface of ice which has frozen with its slippery side up, cut fantastic capers and their own names into the aqueous substance.

From out this list of giants we—the universal Yankee nation—are fortunate in having caged two of foreign birth. We have in our midst Charles Dickens, Giant of Literature; and Ed. O'Baldwin, Giant of Pugilism. When Jack, the Great Killer, murdered Blunderbore, he found it a comparatively easy job. But things have changed since Henry (or John) died, and all the cheap Jacks of Sunday papers, or would-be sporting journals, are incapable of doing to death our giants. The mighty men are not alike to any remarkable extent. Mr. Dickens was bred with cautious care in the heart of perfidious Albion. His early paths were ways of pleasantness, and he afterwards became a reporter. In reporting he discovered that there were fools in high places, and heroes in rougher regions. So he buckled on the pen and went marching along, slinging untold bottles of ink, and shooting folly as it flew, until, when Pickwick was written, he was a moderate sized giant. But he asked for more, and got it when he let fly "Oliver Twist." We watched the pauper boy living amongst the undertaker's coffins, skulking off to London, laughing at the Artful Dodger; closed in the clutches of Fagin; free in the hands of his benefactor; caught again by the Jew; powerless in the arms of Bill Sykes; safe with faithful Nancy, triumphant in the end; we watched Oliver, we say, to the close; then turning to Charles, we discovered that he had grown to amazing height, and was great indeed. But it remained for Mr. Dombey and his immortal son to do that which was of no consequence—add a cubit to the growth of their great master. He shrunk a little on American notes, but our currency was not then expanding. 'Twould have been as well if he had *muzzled* and not *chuzzled* the *wit* of Martin, but we must needs forgive him his faults, for he is a giant, and we do not care to fight him, with pens at least, so, in proper modesty, we yield him the belt.

The other giant comes from different stock. His infant feet trod the rich fields of the Emerald Isle. In the land of the Fenian's hope he ate his first murphy, and slung with infantile grace his first little shillelah. But he, too, was a promising lad, and he grew apace; in fact, he grew several paces, and anon the people stared in awe on the Celtic lad whose brawny fist bade fair to become the proper terror of all her widowed majesty's dominions. Then they called him "giant;" and, as Mr. Spartacus justly remarks through the lips of Miss Mitford, "Well they might." But his pluck and endurance remained to be thoroughly tested. Before a blow is struck by the Speaker of Parliament he raises his mace. And, in precisely the same manner, a *Mace* was raised against ye Irish giant O'Baldwin. Ye Irish met him as a trusty giant should. He laughed in his teeth"—to quote from the reliable novelist—Mr. Cobblestones—and deposited his "mopuses" at the nearest hostelries. But the speaker of Parliament drops his mace if the law is complied with; and a gentleman in Bow street dropped the O'Baldwin's Mace because the law was *not* complied with. All parties thereupon talk of the "home of the free and the land of the brave," and prepare to finish their little unpleasantness in the state which is called the Mother of Presidents; and where, since Mr. G. Washington slashed his father's tree, no objection has been expressed on the statute books against smashing the head of the other feller.

We have pointed out the difference between the two giants. Their points of resemblance are not so numerous, and yet these are worth considering. They both come from the mother country with the identical object of getting a "benefit in greenbacks. To accomplish this laudable ambition, Giant Dickens treads the carpeted stage of Steinway Hall, and Giant O'Baldwin issues his "defi," and bides his time to get a chance on somebody's nob in the square ring of twenty four feet.

Another point:—Mr. Dickens brings his agent with him to pay the bills and guard the stamps; and Mr. O'Baldwin is likewise accompanied by his faithful squire, who is ready to back him for a liberal amount, &c. (see challenges). Again: Mr. D. intends to "knock down" as much as possible; so does Mr. O'B. And, finally, they both are striking characters.

On the whole we are pleased with the advent of these mighty adventurers. The sands of the Belgian gentleman that erstwhile attracted our Barnum-ic gaze "are nearly run out," and we fear that Anna Swann is growing small, and that the "tall boy" will be eventually cut off—from benefits at the Museum. But we have a bit of advice to give. Let each of the giants stick to the legitimate. We caution Mr. Dickens against striving to win new laurels by his muscle, and we entreat Mr. O'Baldwin not to attempt to go through "No Thoroughfare."

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NEW YEAR opens "weak," as they say of gold down in Wall street, and business of all kinds is in a "camatose state," as our medical friends might say. During the year just closed, the amusements of the country experienced the blighting effects of a re-action, and trade "fluctuated" considerably, as our commercial reporters would put it, and many managers and institutions were compelled to "go under," as would be said in the classical language of ye gay and censorious sport. But uncomfortable and unpromising as the year 1867 dawned upon us, the new year opens still more languid and unpropitious. For the past month, things theatrical and otherwise have been in anything but a healthy condition; houses that were formerly nicely filled each evening, with "crowded audiences," exhibiting but a sparse attendance of "respectable and appreciative" people. This has been the case not only in the city, but throughout the country. Stars who started out with bright hopes and great expectations, became dull and unluminous before the skeleton-like aspect of the congregations who came forth to greet them. Those who essayed the legitimate *role*, and sought to conciliate the moral reformed people and church-goers, had the worst row to hoe of all who "seek the bubble reputation" on the mimic boards. Many returned home after a not "long and protracted absence," to "reorganize" for another campaign. Stars of the sensational stripe were a trifle more fortunate, which goes to show that the people are not yet schooled up to the highest art. "Combinations" and peripatetic troupes have frequently appeared before ten and fifteen dollars' worth of "delighted audiences," and some were forced to dismiss their "patrons," "owing to the inclemency of the weather" or "indisposition" of their principal performers. Such was the "situation" at the close of the old year. As we before remarked, the new year begins its wild career in a questionable manner. First, and greatest of all evils, money is scarce—the currency being in a very unreconstructed state; then trade of all sorts is greatly depressed, and thousands of well-meaning people roam the streets, having "nothing to do;" the "strikes" of various classes for still higher wages during the past season has had the effect to frighten employers and capitalists, so they have cut down their hands and expenses to the lowest possible figure, and bide their time for the "reopening of navigation," as the deck hands on a canal boat would express it. In the city, things are terribly checkered and uncertain. Soup societies, even, feel the pressure most sensibly, and issue "tickets for soup" with a cautious hand. In localities where a hungry man could formerly fare sumptuously every day as a lunch-router and hash-eater, many free and easy lunch resorts have been closed altogether against a hungry constituency. In such a strait as this, is it to be wondered at that our amusements should droop and wither? In theatricals, we doubt whether such a dull season as we are now experiencing has been known since the "palmy days" of the "late rebellion." Managers look dreadful uneasy, and "urbane treasurers" greet you with closed hands and an unlively expression of countenance. The "poor players" are poorer than ever, and many of them who cannot get a chance to play upon the mimic boards, for the public amusement, spend their time in playing on the checkerboards for their own amusement. Managers who, in times past, offered almost fabulous prices for theatres, now that they are *in* would give a good stake to get *out*. Why, it was only the other day that we saw an advertisement of a Broadway theatre to rent, showing that some person had been there, had "seen the elephant," and didn't wish to continue in the managing business any longer. So uninviting and lonely is the interior of some establishments, that managers have gone pretty extensively into the "papering" process, but even then their houses are "shy" and audiences "queer." Legs, too, have failed to support the tottering steps of some managers, where a few short months ago they reigned supreme and danced attendance to attendance dense. Witness the last days of the "Black Crook:" the last days of Pompeii were not more gloomy. Witness the closing scenes of the "Devil's Auction;" the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt was not more hurried than that of the Devil's Auction-'eers out of Banvard's and the Academy. The truth is, we had got used to those legs—we knew them like a book—we could tell who this pair belonged to without gazing beyond the insignia of the garter; we could establish the ownership of that set by a mere glimpse of an ancle. Yes, yes; we had seen enough of old legs, and, like the gentleman who wept because he had no more worlds to make breaches in, we pant for new legs—give us a fresh supply, Messrs. Managers, or we perish. Of all the amusements in the city, the Circus seems to be doing the best business—it has the horse field to itself, not even a female Mazeppa being on the boards of any theatre in this city at present; which gives evidence that the four-legged feature is preferred to the two-legged attractions. Dickens is beginning to see the end of his tether; two and three dollars a pop, with hard times staring us in the face, cannot last. The quaint and curious Charles will not find another New York as he travels on his route; elsewhere the good people will look long at their two dollars before they part with them. With the opening of spring, we may fall into more pleasant places, and times may improve. Till then, let us "stare fate in the face, for the heart must be easy if it's in the right place."

TIMING BRIGNOLI.—The famous opera singer Brignoli is unfortunate—he is always in trouble—mostly through modern "indisposition;" he was to have opened at Pike's new opera house on the 6th, but can't owing to a fall from his carriage. Dr. Carnochan has timed him, however, and says he will be well enough to sing in a few days.

LOOK OUT FOR BIG SPEECHES.—It is reported that A. T. Stewart, dry goodist, has given a house and lot worth $30,000 to Senator Creamer for making a speech in favor of him in the State Senate. Every Senator and Representative will now, probably, consume their own and constituents' time in making similar speeches.

AMERICUS CLUB BALL.—This annual festival is appointed to take place at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, Jan. 9th. It promises to be one of the events of the season. We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend. There will be many a merry cuss present.

"PHILADELPHIA REDEEMED."—The first annual ball of the Young Men's Democratic Club, of Philadelphia, will be given at National Guards' Hall, in that city, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 7th. We tender our thanks for complimentary invitation.

THE NORTH STAR ASSOCIATION are to shine at Brookes' Assembly Rooms on Monday evening next, Jan. 13th, on the occasion of their fifth annual ball.

THE RING.

OVATION TO NED O'BALDWIN AND JACK HICKS.

THE CASINO IN A BLAZE OF GLORY.

That massive and gloomy-looking granite edifice located upon the southwest corner of Houston and Mott streets, formerly devoted to the dissemination of Scriptural truths, but at present, through the energy of that well-known amusement-catering Teuton, Paul Falk, dedicated to the worshippers at the shrine of the goddess Terpsichore, was packed to repletion on the evening of Friday, the 3d inst., by a homogeneous mass of humanity, gathered there to witness the *debut* and take stock of the famous "Irish Giant" and his trainer, the broad-shouldered, resolute-looking Jack Hicks, who, however, sinks into comparative insignificance alongside of his ponderous, elongated companion. The reports of Nedward's ability with the gloves, given color to as they were by his being backed against such an artist as Jem Mace, who didn't fancy the job, and so squirmed out of it, naturally caused a desire on the part of everybody who makes it a rule to keep the run of such things, together with many who never witnessed a box before, to see him perform with the gloves, and that's the secret of the general rush to the Casino notwithstanding the extortionate charges made for cards of admission, as they would call 'em at a fashionable *soiree*. Two dollars for reserved seats (how are you reserved?) and half that sum for a standee and see what you can, is rayther steep tariff for a boxing show, especially when 'tis considered that Ned Forrest, "the noblest Roman," &c., can be seen at any time for fifty cents or a dollar, and other equal and lesser lights in the dramatic, operatic, literary and political world in proportion, and we haven't a home-made boxer among us that we know of, who would have the presumption to ask such unprecedentedly high rates. The great O'B. and his partner, knowing the anxiety to see them put up, took advantage thereof, and fixed their prices accordingly, which, although operating to their benefit pecuniarily, didn't redound to their credit in the estimation of the public, and they may lose by it in the long run.

Albeit the hall was crammed, there were precious few dead heads among the audience, outside of the press gang and those who came there to assist, for the door tenders wouldn't have it, and nobody cared to attempt the running of the blockade with such formidable looking barriers to surmount as the six foot one, Luke Welch, on one side the entrance, and the herculean framed Felix Larkin, but a trifle less in stature, on t'other, not to mention Solomons and Prof. Watts, both six footers, who acted as a *corps de reserve*. Very few of the notables of the metropolis and vicinity were absent, while among those to be seen scattered through the mixed but well-conducted assembly, were George Rooke, who had come all the way from Providence to see the fun and take a hand in, if need be; Matt Green, the good natured official from the City of Mills, and last, but not least, the gigantic celebrity from the Mississippi, Mike McCoole, who arrived in town that afternoon, but he kept shady in an adjoining room, and few knew of his presence until the show was concluded. The hall is better adapted for the purpose of a sparring exhibition than any other in the city, being well lighted and ventilated, perfectly square in shape, thus affording—when, as in the present instance, the stage is erected in the centre of the room—and, with the gallery at one end, capable of accommodating—about twelve hundred people with "standing room only." The stage, which had been hastily put up during the afternoon, was of rather contracted dimensions and exceedingly slippery, which interfered with the boxers considerably, and it's a wonder that some of them didn't get overboard, which they would, had it not been for the preventing arms of those seated next it. At eight o'clock, prompt to time, the ancient "hero of many battles" started the music by ushering upon the boards

Young Gallagher and Harry Wright, both new comers, but by no means tyros with the buckskins, as they demonstrated to the satisfaction of the audience, if one may accept as a criticism the applause which greeted them at the conclusion of every bout; and as the majority of those present were up to snuff, and not in the habit of mincing matters, but make it a rule to speak their minds right out in meeting, we guess the inference is about correctly drawn. It was evident from the way they got to work that both had resolved upon doing their best to make a favorable impression upon the on-lookers, and to accomplish this end each made numerous *unfavorable* impressions upon the *os frontis* of his *vis-a-vis*, all of which were taken in good part and returned with interest, neither having anything to chuckle over when they finished. In the words of Tovee—and who ought to know better than he?—it was a "splendid set-to," and formed a fitting prelude to more of the same sort.

To vary the programme, Pete Gaynor, a gallus looking son of the dear ould isle where the shamrock blooms and the praties grow the mealiest, now skipped upon the platform, attired in a fanciful rig, and treated the boys to a little clog essence, displaying considerable knowledge of the intricate steps appertaining thereto, and an ability to illustrate them artistically, though his performance was characterized more by muscularity than grace. After obtaining his meed of applause he was allowed to bow himself off, the audience not wanting another instalment of that sort of things, you know, which wasn't what they came to see, though they weren't disposed to grumble at a small decoction, knowing what was in store for them in the boxing line.

Macaulay, another scion of good ould sthock from Erin Go Bragh, next doffed his dilapidated looking caubeen, accompanying the action with a flourish of his shillelah as though he was about to count himself in at a ruction fight at Donnybrook Fair, preparatory to warbling a popular Irish ditty, which he did in such a stirring manner as to warm the cockles of the hearts of his auditors, and gain for himself a storm of plaudits and a recall, in acknowledgment of which he rattled off, in dulcet strains, a melody even more acceptable than the first, which brought a repetition of the ovation previously tendered as he sherried to the dressing-room, succeeded by

Luke Gleason and Ed Tuohey, bosom friends pretty well mated, the former making up in height what he lacked in muscular development, which, however, aint a great deal. Frequent practice has made them familiar with each other's mode of offense and defense, and as each is clever with the mits or without them, and don't exhibit any particular antipathy to hard knocks, the boys look for a rattling display when they show up, and they had no cause for complaint this time, for they felt just in humor for a little exercise, and battered away at each other after a scientific fashion for a trio of rounds, leaving off with honors divided, and doffing the gloves to make room for

George Cheer (who has announced his readiness to meet any man who does or don't look like him at 100lbs., and appears particularly desirous of having a shy at Harry Hicken and *vice versa*, but there's a hitch somewhere) and that rising young feather weight Omealia. In their first meeting the Britisher had all the best of the set-to, rather nonplussing his opponent by his peculiar style of action, and from the expression of the latter's countenance it was plain that he had set his mind on getting hunk if practicable. Knowing better how to take Cheer this time, he made a decidedly better display than before, getting home a few good 'uns, but receiving more than an equal share at the hands of his tricky, agile and old-fashioned-looking antagonist, who strikes with a vim, using both hands equally well, and has a very pretty as well as dangerous action with his right. Although overmatched, Omealia deserves credit for the greediness with which he stood up to the rack.

The wily, artistic Dooney Harris now rose above the heads of the multitude, followed by that facial companion-picture to Dick Holliwood. Abe Hicken, who is out in a challenge to Collyer, or any man in the country, at from 124lbs to 128lbs. Science was at a premium in this bout, each delivering and stopping well, though the size of the stage detracted from that excellence which would have characterized it had there been plenty of room to bring their pedal abilities into advantageous play. Both had to let up several times, when a fair opportunity presented itself, for fear of toppling the other over the edge. As it was, the set-to was very fine and deserving the applause received.

Jack Hicks, one of the *beneficiaires*, next displayed his robustuous *personnel*, with the lithe and nimble Barney Aaron to face him. A vast difference was apparent in their build and physique; Hicks being powerfully framed, with a deep, massive chest, very muscular and well developed arms and shoulders, strong loins and a round, hard-looking head piece, set firmly upon a short, thick neck; in appearance he is the very beau ideal of a fighter, and according to his record his looks don't belie him. Barney, on the other hand, though muscular and sinewy, is of slender, wiry build, and altogether too light for a man like Hicks. Before commencing, Jack spoke a piece to the effect that Coburn, who was on the bills for a duet with O'Baldwin, complained of indisposition and wished to be excused, which was received with derisive shouts and cries of "Coburn," "Coburn," from all sides. While the uproar continued Uncle William called "time," and Jack and Barney set to work inaugurating a scientific exhibition, the counterpart of that between Harris and Hicken. That Jack, who holds his hands low, with the left well advanced, and is anything but a slouch with his dukes, by force of his superior strength held a great advantage over Barney, the latter coming kerchunk upon the heads of those next the stage more than once, in his efforts to stop or elude his opponent's forcible favors. It elicited tremendous applause, and their reappearance under more favorable circumstances will be hailed with pleasure.

Joe Coburn, in response to the repeated urgings of the crowd, now stepped upon the platform, and removing his stylish plug, apologised for not fulfilling the promise made to O'Baldwin, stating that he was unwell and didn't think it would be advisable for him to exert himself; he was sorry to disappoint the audience, and had he been well would not have done so, winding up by the remark that Luke Welsh had volunteered to take his place. This appeared to satisfy the boys to some extent, and Joe was applauded as he made his parting bow.

Those old opponents, Billy Edwards and Pete McGinness, now chassed down the middle and commenced another of those slashing glove battles, for which they have, through numerous engagements, become famous, both taking to rough rallies and out-and-out slogging as though they had been weaned upon it. Each rasped, apparently having the opposite of the usual effect by adding to their good humor. It was a toss of a nickel between them, besting being out of the question upon either side. Good boys both. During the set-to old Bill announced Edward's benefit which takes place at the Broadway Opera House, 600 Broadway, on Wednesday evening, 8th inst.

The next couple to put their shoulder to the wheel and keep things lively were those one time adversaries and ever since then staunch friends, the two Johnnies, Carman and Grady, both about the same size and well versed in each other's movements. It fully equalled any of their previous contests and that's all we need say about it, for everybody will know from that what a bustling affair it was, science not being lost sight of in the effort of each to land as many digital compliments as possible by way of appropriately ushering in the new-born year.

A general sensation was now occasioned by the giant form of the great O'B. looming up, and gradually rising higher and higher, until he had attained his full length, and his mammoth corporosity was presented to the gaze of the critical and eager crowd in all its immensity. The result of the scrutiny which all eyes bent upon him was very favorable, much more so than anybody supposed it would be, for it must be admitted that in his ordinary garb—short coat, tight fitting pants and other things to match—he appears to a casual observer rather ungainly, and fails to impress one agreeably. This is all changed, however, when he assumes the ring costume, and a fair view of his powerful shoulders, long, sinewy arms, rather long but firm and strong understandings, and graceful attitude, is obtained. He was accompanied by Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, who had volunteered in place of Luke Welsh, who was attending to O'Baldwin's interests in the front of the house. George Rooke was there, ready to have a go with the stalwart Ned, and upon hearing that Luke wasn't going to set-to, descended to the dressing room for the purpose of disrobing, but found Jeemes already in ship-shape, so he had to take a back seat and content himself with being a looker-on, and imagining how he would have made out had he been in Dunn's boots. Dunn, although 5ft. 11in. in stature, looked like a pigmy alongside of O'Baldwin, who peppered Jim with the left—which he used with great rapidity, and it is evident can deliver with terrible force when necessary—repeatedly on the face and body, and generally managed to elude the return, although the Brooklynite succeeded in planting a few clean, good hits. He was completely overmatched in size, however, and all that appeared requisite for the Giant to do in order to keep Jim off his good-humored phisiog, was to sling out that left and let it remain there. He played very light, merely tapping his opponent, and showing no disposition to make undue use of the advantage nature had bestowed upon him, which increased the good feeling entertained for him by the audience, while the ability he displayed more than equalled their anticipations, and he rose greatly in their estimation. They were heartily cheered and they shook hands at the close, the only regret felt being that O'Baldwin didn't have a man opposed to him more his equal in size and strength. After Barney had, on behalf of the *beneficiaires*, returned thanks and announced the willingness of the O'B. and Jack to set-to for any of those who had so kindly assisted them, the crowd slowly dispersed, the majority in the wake of McCoole, whose presence had just become generally known. The entertainment was first-class, the audience orderly, and all went home well satisfied.

JOHNNY DWYER AND BUTT RILEY HAVE A TURN-UP.

THEY FIGHT FOR TWO HOURS IN A ROOM.

Considerable excitement was created in fistic circles in New York and Brooklyn on the 4th inst., by the announcement that Hugh, better known as "Butt" Riley, who fought Andy Leonard, Dutchy Engle, and Johny McGlade, and is as well known by reputation all over the country as any member of the division, and Johnny Dwyer, the heavy-weight from the City of Churches, had a desperate scrapping match in a room in the latter place on the morning of the same day. From what we can glean of the affair, it appears that Dwyer and Riley were drinking together in a saloon in Brooklyn, when the conversation turned upon a set-to in which the former had taken part at a recent benefit on Broadway, Butt asserting that Johnny's opponent had obtained the upper hand of him. Dwyer denied the soft impeachment, and both having been drinking pretty freely, an altercation ensued, Butt throwing off his coat and wanting to have it out then and there. Johnny couldn't stand this nohow, and told Riley he would fight him any place he wanted. After visiting several sporting houses without being able to effect their object, they finally hit upon the spot they were in quest of, and speedily got to work, in the presence of a few friends, at first trying it on rough-and-tumble, but the crowd didn't fancy this style of fighting, and separated the contestants after they had been at it a few minutes. They then concluded to have it out in accordance with the rules, and referee, timekeeper and seconds having been chosen, the men stripped and went at it. After fighting about one hundred and twenty-five rounds in something over two hours—Butt having the left side of his head battered into a jelly, his left eye closed and lips cut and swollen dreadfully, and Johnny, although not so badly used up, severely punished about the head, and having his hands puffed out of all shape—the friends of the combatants separated them. From all accounts Riley had the worst of the fighting, but then it must be remembered that Dwyer is much the bigger and stronger of the two, which gave him considerable advantage over his opponent. Johnny called upon us on the 6th inst., his face, beyond a slight discoloration of the left eye, showing but little signs of his having had such a rough shake-up only forty-eight hours previous. Having heard a rumor that Riley purposed challenging him, he desires us to state that he has at present a prospect of obtaining a lucrative situation, and until that is settled one way or the other he can't think of entering the ring, as such a proceeding would knock all his calculations in the head. If his expectations in this direction fall short of realization he will be more inclined to talk business to Butt, if the latter is looking for anything of the sort. Riley certainly acted very foolishly in engaging in such an affair at the present time and he may find it out when he toes the scratch with Levy, for he hasn't any time to waste if he desires to be in fix on the day. We understand he was on the street on Monday also.

THE COBURN-McCOOLE MATCH.

ARRIVAL OF THE WESTERN CHAMPION IN NEW YORK.

Public interest in the great match between the representative boxers of the east and west, which hereaway has, owing to the long time yet intervening ere the day of battle, lain dormant since the subsidence of the flutter occasioned by the ratification of the articles, has just been given an impetus to by the advent of McCoole in the metropolis. He arrived here on the afternoon of the 3d inst., and attended the testimonial benefit tendered O'Baldwin and Hicks at the New York Casino the same evening, where, although a silent but wide awake spectator, he divided the honors with the more ponderous Irish Giant. Everybody being anxious to obtain a sight of the man whom few among them had seen, but all had heard so much, and who was to contest with that paragon of science, Joe Coburn, for the highest honors of the ring. He visited a number of the principal sporting houses in the metropolis during the evening, which the proprietors had cause to appreciate, for the spruce bar-tenders had to fly around mighty lively during his stay, in order to supply the thirsty souls who followed in his wake with benzine and beverages of a milder nature. The following morning he called at the CLIPPER office in company with Matt Green, of the City of Coal Dust, and a friend from St. Louis. His iron frame was closely muffled, but the sparkle of his eyes and hue of his skin, as far as it was visible, told of rugged health. Being of a non-communicative, though by no means unsociable disposition he said very little concerning the important match on hand, beyond asserting his determination to do his utmost to pull it off in a fair manly trial and expressing confidence in his ability to do so if he is in good condition on the day. He is a man of much resolution and perseverance, possessing implicit faith in his own powers, while not underrating in the least those of his opponent, and being a man of remarkably strong constitution, which he has not impaired by a reckless, dissipated course of living, being "temperate in all things," this, combined with his immense muscular power and the progress which he must have made in the art since his memorable battle in '63, will necessarily render him a much harder man to defeat than he was when he stood up in the ring in Charlestown. Coburn will do well to remember this, and abstain from anything which can possibly prevent him from going to the mark in the very best condition that it is possible for him to obtain, resting assured that none of the care he bestows to this end will be thrown away. McCoole will give an exhibition in the metropolis in a few days, when great will be the rush to see his style, which will decide many who are now "on the fence"—that is, provided he shows what he can do, which it isn't probable he will. He had an exhibition at Lafayette Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., on New Year's night, which was well attended. A number of local boxers appeared, including Johnny Hamill and Pat Kelly, Young Crawley and Ryan, Johnny Newell and Davy Lewis and others, unknown to fame, the wind up being given by McCoole and Val McKinney.

BUTT RILEY AND PAT LEVY MATCHED.—These men have been matched to fight for $500 a side, in the State of New York, six weeks from date of signing articles.

ANDY DUFFY AFTER BUSSEY AGAIN.

PROSPECT OF HIS BEING ACCOMMODATED.

There seems every probability at present that a second meeting will take place at an early day between the heroes of the recent mill at Robertsdale, Ill., and Duffy feels very sore over his defeat, which he ascribes to improper conduct upon the part of those who had charge of him, and expresses the utmost confidence in his ability to turn the tables in a second trial, which the subjoined cartel shows Bussey is not loth to give him:—

CHICAGO, December 27, 1867.

Since my return from my sparring tour I have heard that my late opponent, Andy Duffy, is anxious to try his hand with me once more. It is well known that I announced my intention of never entering the ring after my fight with Duffy. I am no prize fighter. But as Duffy has boasted that he can whip me, and has said that he was not rightly used by his trainer and seconds, I have determined to change my original intention. If he means business, and wants to fight, I will accommodate him and fight him in May next, at catch weights, for $2,500 a side. Let him send $500 within the next two weeks to FRANK QUEEN, editor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, as a deposit, and I will cover it. FRED. BUSSEY.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28, 1867.

TO FRED BUSSEY.—I hereby challenge you to fight with me a fair, stand-up fight, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, at 140 pounds, for any sum from $500 to $2,500 aside. Man and money ready, and fight to take place at such times as may be hereafter agreed upon. "Put up or shut up." ANDY DUFFY.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30, 1867.

TO FRED BUSSEY, Esq.—SIR.—I issued a challenge to you last Sunday morning. If you accept the terms mentioned therein, and agree to some mutually acceptable and responsible stakeholder in this city, then meet me at the Matteson House saloon at 2 o'clock to-morrow (Tuesday) afternoon, and let us draw up articles. I mean business, and the "ducats" are ready to bind the match. Respectfully, ANDY DUFFY.

ABE HICKEN WILL FIGHT SAM COLLYER.

We have received the subjoined challenge from Abe Hicken, who is not, as many supposed, the Unknown selected to fight Barney Aaron. It will be read with interest:—

ED. CLIPPER.—I will make a match to fight Sam Collyer for from $1,000 to $2,500 a side and the light weight championship, at from 124 lbs. to 128 lbs., giving him his own time. If he does not accept I will claim the title of champion and be prepared to defend it against any man in the country upon the conditions above proposed. ABE HICKEN.

NEARY AND PAT CARNEY FOR £10.—CONCLUSION OF HOSTILITIES.—Contrary to expectation, these Birmingham (Eng.) pugs again met on the 21st ult., after a long and angry discussion at a well known sporting house, the *venue* on the present occasion being an old and favorite resort of the Birmingham ring-goers, in the district of Sutton, where a ring was soon in readiness, and at 3 P. M. they entered the same for business. The opening bout was decidedly in favor of Neary, who punched away in merry style, and had a considerable pull in the hitting. Carney at length got down very suspiciously and had to be cautioned. Neary, however, fared the same, having struck his prostrate foe. In the second round Pat was followed to the ropes, where he had no chance of getting to earth without having his gruel, and accordingly put up with his position. He returned sharply his opponent's fire, and after a fierce turn, again got down, when his seconds finding him anything but taking kindly to his job gave in for him; the fight having lasted thirty three minutes in the two rings. He attributes much of his defeat to an injury received to his shoulder in the first day's battle.

HARRY HICKEN'S NIGHT.—The benefit tendered this young fellow, who recently fought and defeated "Dutchy," at the Broadway Opera House, on the evening of the 1st inst., wasn't as well attended as he deserved, and as was to be expected upon such a night, the audience numbering only about two hundred persons; however, what with the pasteboard disposed of outside, it is probable Harry netted a snug sum. Want of space prevents our giving an extended notice of the show, which was very fair throughout, the most noticeable sets-to being those between Teddy McAuliffe and Young Riley, Abe Hicken and Billy Edwards, Johnny Dwyer and Johnny Carney, and Harry Hicken and Gallagher, the latter being a regular glove fight, both pounding each other without regard to consequences, and Gallagher receiving the lion's share of the punishment. Among the others who put up their hands were Billy Stevenson and young Meeks, and Bambret and Shenson. Tovee was Master of Ceremonies, of course.

MARCELLUS BAKER AND TOM DUFFY MATCHED.—On the 30th ult., a match was made between Marcellus Baker and Thomas Duffy, of Bangor, Me., to fight for $100 a side, some time during the present month, not before the 20th, Baker to have choice of battle ground and to notify Duffy thereof two days beforehand. Baker is the young fellow who fought Belcher, while Duffy, who is about 18 years of age, and weighs some 15lbs heavier than Marcellus, has never yet appeared in the ring. The match is creating considerable flutter in that vicinity.

A RETURNED CALIFORNIAN.—After a seven years' sojourn amid the gold fields of the Eldorado State, Tom McAlpine, more familiarly known by the "slickery" *sobriquet* of "Soap," returned to this city by the steamer of the 30th ult. Mac has figured a number of times in the magic circle during his absence, defeating Barney, George Barnes, Johnny Devine and Jack Lynch, and fighting a draw with McElroy, the last taking place in the same ring in which Chandler and Harris exchanged digital favors. Soap has concluded to settle down and shake the ring for a spell, but won't quite cut it dead.

BILLY EDWARDS MAKES AN APPEAL.—This scientific, hard-hitting and muscular young boxer will be tendered a complimentary testimonial at the Broadway Opera House, below Houston street, on Wednesday evening, 8th inst. As Edwards is a favorite among the division, and has done a good turn for all cheerfully, they should see to it that the entertainment is both interesting and profitable. We are informed that either Barney Aaron or Patsy Sheppard will wind-up with Billy, which ought to be card enough to fill the house in itself.

IN THE CITY.—Matt Green—not of the Opera Saloon, but the newly-elected Chief of Police of the City of Smoke—was in town last week, partly upon business and partly to see his old friends, and on the 4th inst. called upon us, in company with Mike McCoole. Matt is well known all over the country, and his numerous acquaintances will be gratified to learn of the blushing honors his townsmen have been pleased to heap upon him, and which he bears with becoming meekness.

THE GIANT IN BROOKLYN.—The second entertainment for the benefit of Ned O'Baldwin and Jack Hicks is to be given at Union Hall, corner of Division avenue and Clymer streets, Brooklyn, E. D., on this (Tuesday) evening, 7th inst. Barney Aaron is on for a shake-up with Jack, while the Giant promises to box with Jim Dunn and Luke Welsh. Fifty cents and a dollar takes you in.

WILL VISIT TROY.—The Hicken Brothers, Abe and Harry, were to have left for the Walls of Troy on the 6th inst., where they purpose giving an exhibition sometime during the current week, Abe having deferred his intended jaunt to Quakerdom for a few days.

JOHNNY CHEER MAKES AN APPEAL.—This promising featherweight is up for a testimonial at 600 Broadway, on Wednesday evening, 15th inst.

PATSY SHEPHARD IN PHILADELPHIA.—The bold Patsy, who is for the present among the Quakers in the City of Brotherly Love, is to give an exhibition in that city, at Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of South and Tenth streets, on Monday evening next, January 13th. Patsy will wind up with Patsy Malley.

NED O'BALDWIN AND TOM ALLEN.—Another sensation was caused last week by the talk of a match between Ned O'Baldwin, the "Irish Giant," and Tom Allen. A forfeit of $50 a side was posted, Jem Colbert putting up for Tom Allen and Charley Diamond, of the "Jewel," 104 Spring street, backing the Giant, and they were to meet on the evening of the 6th inst. and, if the spell isn't off them, draw up articles and increase the amount of the deposit.

☞ We have letters for Jimmy Elliott, Sam Collyer and Barney Aaron.

CARD.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Sir.*—A paragraph in your issue of the 28th ult., headed, "Monstery versus O'Rourke," may lead your readers to infer that I hesitated about meeting Col. Monstery. Such a supposition would not be in consonance with the facts. The card of Col. Monstery, in reply to my challenge, was published in the *Army and Navy Journal* (copied from the CLIPPER) on the 7th of December. On reading it I immediately addressed a note to both papers; both notes were subsequently published, and on the 12th I learned that Col. M. had sailed for Havana, Cuba, on the 5th, two days before his card was published. From all that I have heard of Col. Monstery I believe him to be not only an accomplished swordsman, but also an honorable gentleman; believing this I feel that Col. Monstery would be the last one to countenance anything calculated to place an opponent in a false position. Respectfully Yours,
New York, Jan. 4, 1868. MATTHEW J. O'ROURKE.

A NEED SUPPLIED.—A void in the sporting literature of the country has just been filled by the publication of a useful work on pedestrianism, from the pen of John Goulding, of London, who arrived in this country some months since. It embraces a treatise on training for running, jumping, walking, etc., together with descriptions of different athletic exercises, and a record of fast time at various distances. Andrew Peck & Co. are the publishers, and as it costs but ten cents a copy, coming within reach of all, it should have a ready sale.

COCKING MAIN ON THE CARPET.—A main of cocks for $500 a side, Albany against Schenectady, each side to show fifteen cocks and fight all that fall in weight, is arranged to take place at the last named city on the 15th inst. All the money is up and an interesting main is expected.

PLAYING PIN POOL AT BILLIARDS.—Previous to the commencement, each player draws a marble from a box and puts it out of sight in his pocket. The player, after receiving his marble, bears the number in his mind, and his game is to knock down pins enough, the number of which, added to that on the marble in his pocket, will make the number which wins the pile. The other night, an old citizen of one of our western cities, who was occasionally given to "chance," came home rather late. His wife was asleep. When she awoke in the morning she found on the floor a marble, upon which was the number "17." "What's this?" she said, to her lord, eyeing the marble suspiciously. "It dropped out of your pantaloons pocket. What is it?" Her husband opened his eyes, looked, blushed, was confused and stammered:—"Why—why—it's a marble, ain't it?" "Yes," said she, "but what are you doing with a marble in your pocket at your time of life?" "In my pocket? Well—ah!—the fact is, I've had that marble in my pocket for the last thirty-five years; ever since I used to play for keeps with Bill." "Indeed!" incredulously asked his wife, "but what are these figures on here for? What does 17 mean?" "Mean—17 mean?" said he, hesitatingly. "O! 17!—why, that was the number of marbles Bill owed me when we quit playing; he marked it on there so I wouldn't forget it." The old fellow had a narrow escape, and he hasn't played any *pule* since.

AN old lady was recently tried in England for feloniously taking a pair of boots, and the jury, to the amusement of the court and spectators, returned the following verdict:—"*Not guilty, but admonished never to do the like again.*"

"FINE complexion Mrs. H. has got," said Brown to his friend Bristles, the artist. "I know it," replied the artist; "she and I buy colors at the same shop."

CHRONOLOGY OF Events Transpiring in the World of Amusements During the Year 1867.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JANUARY.

2. Richard Risley's troupe of Japanese performers arrived in California from Japan.
4. Termination of the Edwin Booth and Bogumil Dawison polyglot performances at the Winter Garden Theatre, this city.
6. An attempt to burn the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, was frustrated.
7. Risley's troupe of Japanese performers made their *debut* at the Academy of Music, San Francisco, Cal.
7. The Aztec Children married in London, Eng.
9. Mad. Ristori terminated her first engagement at the French Theatre, this city.
8. Edmund de Mondion, a member of the New York press, made his *debut* at the Olympic Theatre, this city.
11. Shooting affray in Detroit, Mich., between A. B. Kennedy and Wm. Kelly, of Plunkett's company.
22. Presentation of a gold medal to Edwin Booth at the Winter Garden Theatre, this city
22. Destruction by fire of People's Hall, Newburgh, N. Y.
28. "The Merchant of Venice"—the third of the Shakespearean revivals—produced at the Winter Garden Theatre, this city, by Edwin Booth.
29. The "Bird of Paradise" produced at the New York Theatre by Sallie Hinckley.
29. Hopkins' Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, opened.
29. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kean celebrated their silver wedding—the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage—at Bath England.
30. Lady Don and Belle Land arrived from California.
31. Benefit of Charles Durang, an old actor, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

FEBRUARY.

9. Sallie Hinckley's management of the New York Theatre terminated.
11. *Debut* in England at the St. James' Hall, London, of the first Japanese Troupe.
16. A drumming match for the Championship took place at Chicago, between Messrs. Nevins and Hendershott; decided in favor of the latter.
18. Lady Don made her *debut* in this city at the New York Theatre.
19. Leo Hudson's Mazeppa horse Sensation, strangled to death at Paterson, N. J.
22. Dedication of the New Opera House at St. Paul, Minn.
28. The New Academy of Music, New York, opened for the first time with a "Bal d'Opera."

MARCH.

2. Thalia Theatre, formerly Wood's Minstrel Hall, Broadway, near Spring street, opened by Geo. Wood as Wood's Theatre, with a miscellaneous performance.
4. *Debut* in San Francisco, Cal., of Robert Heller, at the Metropolitan Theatre.
5. First appearance in the Atlantic States of Risley and Maguire's Troupe of Japanese performers at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.
7. The New Academy of Music, New York, opened for operatic performances.
9. Funeral of Artemus Ward in London, Eng.
12. Mad. Celeste made her *debut* in Australia.
13 Shooting affray in Amity Street, New York, between McFarland and Richardson, relative to Miss Cushing, an actress engaged at the Winter Garden Theatre.
23. The Winter Garden Theatre located in Broadway, opposite Bond street, this city, destroyed by fire.
25. Barney Williams took possession of the Broadway Theatre, formerly Wallack's Old Theatre, as manager.
25. The New Louisville, Ky., Theatre opened with "Money" and "Swiss Cottage."
27. The two hundredth representation of the "Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden, New York.
27. Florence Kennedy made her *debut* on the stage at Mobile, Ala., as Juliana.
29 Duel in New Orleans between the manager of the National Theatre and a dramatic critic.
30. The American Circus Company sailed from this city for Paris.

APRIL.

4. Benefit of the artists and employees of the late Winter Garden Theatre, New York, at the Academy of Music.
8. Mrs. Scott Siddons made her *debut* as Rosalind at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng.
11. "Our American Cousin" once more in the Superior Court in this city.
20. Madeline Henriques took her farewell of the stage at Wallack's Theatre, this city, in "Masks and Faces."
22. Opening of the New York Theatre by Mark Smith and J. Lewis Baker.
23. The Old Bowery Theatre, New York, sold at auction for the second time for $106,000.
29. Edmund Falconer, an English dramatist, made his *debut* in this country at the Olympic, New York.
29. James Lingard opened the hall formerly used by Wood's Minstrels as a variety place of amusement.
30. Bryant's Minstrel Hall, 472 Broadway, closed as a variety place of amusement, under the management of Charles White and Neil Bryant.

MAY.

6. Risley and Maguire's troupe of "Japs" made their first appearance in this city at the Academy of Music.
6. The Worrell Sisters assumed the management of the New York Theatre, on Broadway, above 4th street.
6. The Academy of Music, Omaha, N. T., opened by H. Corri.
11. Farewell benefit of G. L. Fox, at the Old Bowery, this city, and termination of his management of that theatre.
13. Chase's Minstrel Hall, on 8th avenue and 24th street, this city, opened.
18. Mad. Ristori sailed from this city for Brest.
18. First performance in Paris of the American Circus Company.
25. Madeline Henriques married in this city, to Louis J. Jennings, correspondent of the London *Times*.

JUNE.

3. Bryant's Minstrel Hall, Broadway, N. Y., opened by Robert Butler as a variety place of amusement.
3. James Lingard closed his theatre—formerly Wood's Minstrel Hall—Broadway, near Spring street, New York.
6. Funeral of Artemus Ward at Waterford, Me.
12. "Little All Right"—one of the principal features with the Maguire and Risley's "Japs"—fell from the rope, at the Academy of Music, New York.
13. Mary Wells was married, in this city, to Richard Scapels.
17. Banvard's Museum, corner Broadway and 30th street, first opened by Mr. Banvard.
18. Adah Isaacs Menken made her *debut* in Vienna.
19. Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, destroyed by fire.

JULY.

4. Marshall and Doyle's troupe of Japanese performers arrived in this city from California.
4. Neil Bryant tendered a dinner in London, Eng., by the Moore and Crocker Christy Minstrels, and presented with a richly designed silver goblet.
8. First appearance in Paris of E. A. Sothern in "Our American Cousin."
11. Arrival in this city of a company of Japanese performers called the "Red Dragon Troupe."
11. Florence Temple, an actress of Mazeppa fame, was shot in a house in Bleecker street in this city.
20. The Eighth Avenue Opera House opened by Josh Hart and Frank Kerns as a music hall.
26. Shooting affray in a billiard saloon in Cincinnati, Ohio, between A. L. Bamford and Harry Norman, both members of Newcomb's Minstrels.
29. G. W. H. Griffin and Geo. Christy opened their new minstrel hall on Broadway and Twenty-third street.
30 Louisa, better known as Mrs. J. H. Allen, divorced in this city from her husband John Allen.

AUGUST.

3. Opening for the fall and winter season of the Broadway Theatre, N. Y., by Barney Williams.
5. Sam Sharpley and Ben Cotton's Minstrels opened at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, New York.
12. The San Francisco Minstrels inaugurated their third season at their hall on Broadway, this city.
14. The Webb Sisters made their *debut* in London, Eng., at the Olympic Theatre, in "Fanchon."
19. Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander made her *debut* at the French Theatre, in this city, in "Elizabeth."
20. Blind Tom returned from Europe.
21. Madeline Henriques sailed for Europe.
22. Pierce Butler, husband of Fanny Kemble, died in Georgia.
26. Sam Sharpley, Ben Cotton and Charley White, opened the Theatre Comique, formerly Wood's Minstrel Hall, Broadway, New York.

SEPTEMBER.

2. The Fifth Avenue Opera House, on Twenty-fourth street, near Broadway, was opened by Garland's Burlesque Troupe.
9 Production of the "Black Crook," at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, by John E. McDonough.
1. Arrival of H. L. Bateman's French Opera Troupe from Paris.
13 Anna De Lagrange arrived in this city from Europe.
13. Mad. Ristori and troupe arrived in this country for the second time.
13. Ball's statue of Edwin Forrest, as Coriolanus, first exhibited in Boston.
14. Fox's New American Theatre, erected on the site of the one lately destroyed by fire, opened.
15. Ida Vernon married in this city to A. A. Taylor.
18. Kate Bateman Crow sailed for England.
18 Anniversary of the "Black Crook," and three hundred and sixty-fifth performance at Niblo's Garden, this city.
18. Mad. Ristori commenced her second season at the French Theatre, New York.
19. Annie Ward married in this city to Mr. Tiffany.
22. A company of Chinese actors arrived in San Francisco from China.
24. Emily Thorne Jordan married in this city to C. B. Ransom.
25. Wallack's Theatre commenced its regular fall and winter season with "Meg's Diversion" and the burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan."
27. "Biche au Bois" produced in Paris for the five hundredth time.
28. Janauschek, the German actress, arrived from England.
30. First production of Brougham's new local play of "Lottery of Life," at the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

OCTOBER.

3. First production of the "Devil's Auction" at Banvard's Museum, New York.
7. The New York Circus re-opened for the season at their building on Fourteenth street.
7. Production of "Marie Antoinette," by Ristori, at the French Theatre, this city.
9. Janauschek, the German tragedienne, made her *debut* in this country at the Academy of Music, New York.
10. Helen Josephine Lawlor divorced in this city from Frank Lawlor.
16. John S. Clarke made his *debut* in London, Eng., at the St. James' Theatre, in "Everbody's Friend," altered to "A Widow Well Won."
21. Fanny B. Price made her *debut* in New York, at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, in "Leah."
22. Bateman's French Dramatic Company first appeared in this country at the French Theatre, this city.
28. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" produced at the Olympic Theatre, this city.
28. Selwyn's New Boston Theatre opened for the first time.

NOVEMBER.

2. Louise Kellogg made her *debut* in London, Eng., at Her Majesty's Theatre, in "Faust."
11. Joseph Pfau, the Russian gymnast, made his *debut* in this country at the New York Circus.
18. Charles Vivian, comic vocalist, from England, made his *debut* at Butler's American Theatre, this city.
18. Felicita Vestvali made her *debut* at the Lyceum Theatre, London Eng., as Romeo.
20. The American Circus closed in Paris.
24. Accident to Dan Castello's Menagerie at Mobile, Ala. A train of cars containing a number of cages of animals run off the track, and the animals got loose.
25. Helen Tracy made her *debut* on the stage as Virginia in "Virginius," at Sacramento, Cal.
25. First appearance in London, Eng., of the American Circus, lately performing in Paris.
29. Accident to J. F. Noyes, at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans.
30. The "Devil's Auction" performed for the last time at Banvard's Museum in the afternoon.

DECEMBER.

6. Destruction by fire of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Eng.
9. Charles Dickens gave his first reading in New York at Steinway Hall.
11. Shooting affray in front of the Fifth Avenue Opera House, this city, between Samuel Sharpley, Edwin Kelly and Thomas Sharpley.
14. Mr. Mobley, son-in-law of Mrs. Wm. Crisp, shot by Ed. Acker, a member of Crisp's company at Atlanta, Geo.
26. Burtis' Opera House, Davenport, Iowa, opened for the first time.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT RACE AGAINST TIME IN CANADA.

DE KELSO RUNS ELEVEN MILES IN 59:56.

It will be remembered by those who recollect it, as a Milesian friend of ours once remarked, that on the 11th of December the friends of De Kelso, the Canadian half breed and champion runner of the New Dominion, wagered $1,000 against a like amount that he could run eleven miles inside of sixty minutes, the race to take place upon the first favorable day between the 1st and 12th of the present month. The morning of the 4th instant broke beautifully clear and bright, and preparations were made to bring off the struggle against the old scythe bearer. The race took place at Newmarket, C. W., and drew together a large concourse of spectators, the majority of whom had little faith in the ability of "the Wonder" to accomplish the arduous task he had undertaken, and backed up their opinions by offers of odds, which were accepted to a limited extent by the supporters of the Indian. Shortly after 10 o'clock A. M., De Kelso came upon the track, accompanied by Rowan and Munroe, under whose supervision he had taken his preliminary exercise and who brought him to the mark in excellent fettle. After the selection of G. F. Davis for referee, Messrs. Campbell and Coursol, judges, and Jim Mooney and Ira Branden timekeepers, the course was cleared, and at 11 o'clock the signal was given and De Kelso bounded from the scratch with the speed of the wind. He completed the first mile in 4:22 and the second in 4:30, when he slackened his pace a trifle, and the hands of the watches pointed to 4:40 as he dashed across the line at the conclusion of the third mile. It took him nine seconds longer to make the fourth mile, and at the termination of the fifth, which he finished in 4:50, he gave slight symptoms of distress. He continued to labor somewhat during the next three miles, but stuck to his work like a major, the time given being respectively 5:10, 6:22 and 6:30. The ninth mile was traversed in just 6:36 and the next in four seconds longer. The Brooklyn pet, Palmer, now ran alongside De Kelso, and this, coupled with the encouraging shouts of the assemblage, urged him to redoubled exertions, and, increasing his pace, he came up the homestretch at a spanking gait, ultimately dashing across the line in 5:27, the aggregate time for the entire distance being 59 minutes and 56 seconds.

SEVEN MILE TRAMP.—A walking match, seven miles, for $50 a side, eventuated at Greytown, N. J., on the 30th ult., between Mick Cain and Jim Holden. The men went through a regular course of preparation for the event, and came to the scratch in first rate fix. The contest was quite interesting to the spectators, only, however, upon sufferance, for it was patent to all that had Cain felt so disposed he could have kept well to the fore from the signal. The following table shows the time for each mile:—

Miles.	Cain.	Holden.	Miles.	Cain.	Holden.
1	8:20	8:22	6	9:58½	9:56
2	8:26	8:26	7	9:39½	10:03
3	9:10	9:12			
4	9:22	9:30	Totals	65:27	65:40
5	10:11	10:11			

ADSETTS TALKS BACK TO YOUNG.—We have received the subjoined response to the challenge published in our columns last week over the signature of W. H. Young:—

READING, PA., Dec. 28, 1867.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER:—I have just read the challenge of Wm. H. Young in your latest issue. His remarks are altogether out of place, as he offered the starter in the late Reading Handicap $25 to fire the pistol so that he might obtain the best of the send-off, and because the latter would not agree to do so he prates about being swindled. Now, I am open to run Young from 150 yards to 440 yards, for any sum he may name, and a deposit left at your office will be attended to. Any challenges for a less distance than the above will be useless.

W. W. ADSETTS.

PEDAL SPORT IN CINCINNATI.—On New Years Day a foot race took place near Porkopolis, distance 100 yards, for $100 a side, between Deerfoot and Joe Beaver, of Newport, Ky., the former being allowed 11 feet start; Beaver won by four feet in about 11 seconds. He is said to be willing to make a match to run any man in the country, with 5 yards start, bar Pewer Davis, for $500 or $1,000.

A FIVE HUNDRED YARD DASH.—Jimmy Wheeler and Ned Darrell tested their pedal abilities in a race of five hundred yards, for $100 a side 'tis said, at Kensington, Pa., on the 27th ult., Wheeler taking the lead at once, maintaining it throughout, and, though close pressed, finally winning in 1 min. 4 secs.

ROWAN AND MUNROE MATCHED.—We understand that a match has been made between John Rowan, of Albany, and George Munroe, the famous Canadian runner, to run four miles on the 20th inst., for $100 in coin. G. H. Davis finds the ducats for the Albanian, and Ira Brandon doeth likewise for tother man.

JIM BARKER VS. JACK LEES.—These members of the fleet-footed battalion made their legs do duty for a small stake at Castleton, N. Y., on the 28th ult., distance 100 yards, Lees being allowed six feet start. Jeems proved his superiority by winning handsomely in 10½ secs.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YARDS SPIN.—A foot race at the above distance for two centuries took place at Reading lately between W. H. Adsetts, of New York, (the winner of the handicap at that place,) and L. Bollman, of San Ring Springs. Adsetts won cleverly.

MATCHED FOR $400.—A match has been made between W. H. Adsetts, of New York, and E. Williams, of Pottsville, Pa., to run 150 yards for $200 a side, Williams to have three yards start. The race is to take place on the Fair Ground, Reading, Pa., on the 26th inst.

CHALLENGE.—W. H. Adsetts writes us to say that he will run C. Woodall, the "Broom Boy," of Philadelphia, or R. Fisher, of Phillipsburg, Pa., 150 or 200 yards, for from $100 to $500 a side. Will he be accommodated?

BILLIARDS.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.—The forfeit money, $250 a side, in the pending match for the American championship, between John McDevitt and Melvin Foster, was put up on Tuesday, the 31st ult. The game, 1,000 points, caroms, is to be played in Chicago.

GOLDTHWAIT AND MCDEVITT.—These experts are to play on Wednesday night next at the Cooper Institute for $250 a side. Though the game is the same as that ordered to be played for the American championship, the McDevitt holds is not at stake.

LARGE RUN.—Recently, at the Washington Billiard Rooms, Brooklyn, a son of the proprietor made a run of 613 points, mainly off the red balls.

A CHAMPIONESS AT BILLIARDS.—Having for a long time had champions innumerable at billiards, it would be only fair, now that Messrs. Phelan & Collander have originated a combined dining and billiard table of a convenient size for private residences, were we to have championesses in the different States. At all events, whether we shall have championesses or not, it would seem, from the ready call which this cheap, economical, doubly serviceable, and their admirable billiard table meets with, that in a few years there will be quite as many lady players as there are now masculine, a consummation devoutly to be wished for, especially for the sake of the ladies, who as Mephistopheles observes are mainly sick, and need some such refreshing exercise like that vouchsafed by billiards.

FRENCH BILLIARDS IN PHILADELPHIA. On the 31st ult. Isidore Gayraud, being on a visit to the Quaker City, played two French games, of thirty points each, at the Continental Hotel, his opponent being R. T. Ryall. One of their games resulted in favor of Ryall, and the other Isidore won by two points. A third game, 100 points up, was played at the rooms of the Union Club, Ryall being successful by one point.

JOSEPH DION.—This accomplished gentleman and excellent player will be in town this week. We learn that his billiard room, burned to the ground on the 22d ult., was insured for $12,500. It contained sixteen billiard tables, and about seven thousand dollars' worth of other fixtures. At the lowest estimate, the business was worth $8,000 a year.

ISIDORE GAYRAUD.—This player, it is thought, will be superintendent of the new room with sixteen tables to be opened in Philadelphia during the present month.

BILLIARDS AT THE STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM.—Two more tables have been ordered of Messrs. Phelan & Collender for this institution.

GRIFFIN'S NEW ROOM IN ROCHESTER.—Henry Griffin's new room in Rochester was opened on the 24th ult., and has ever since been thronged day and night, "Sundays excepted." Perhaps, as there is no other establishment of the kind in the State that has so many tables on one floor, there is none better equipped. Everything is first-class, from the eighteen Standard American tables down to the carpets, which, along with all the other costly fixtures, were purchased in this city. It was prophesied that the thing was too big for Rochester, and would prove a failure; but thus far it has proved "a decided success," as the play-bills are wont to say, and there is every indication that it will continue such, *mirum in modum ad infinitum*, which expression is mostly to be found at some distances apart in Latin dictionaries, and is believed to mean, "in a wonderful manner for some indefinite time."

COMMITTED TO CANVAS.—Powell, the celebrated painter, is engaged in "doing" Michael Phelan, "the old man eloquent" of the billiard world, with the view of transmitting his raven locks and still youthful countenance to a grateful posterity. The portrait is being painted at the solicitation of a number of prominent gentlemen, friends alike of the artist and ex-billiardist.

PYRAMID POOL.—Louis Kilkenny and John Roberts, junior, played the best in twenty-one games of pyramid pool on the 20th ult., at the Central Exchange Billiard Rooms, Newcastle, England. The amount contended for was £25 a side. The match was so close that all the games bargained for had to be played, Kilkenny securing a bare majority of one.

THE WHITE HAND; OR, THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE FIRST. THE POST-MORTEM MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER I.

LOOKING FOR THE DEAD.

"The miserable hath no other medicine,
But only hope."

"At last! Thank God!"

For ninety-six long, weary days he had fretted away his life upon shipboard. For ninety-six long weary days tossed to and fro upon the trackless waters, struggling against contrary winds, the Australian packet had labored bravely; and at last the longed-for shore was reached, and Ralph Strangeways, after five years' absence, stood once more in the London streets.

Five years ago, cast off by his friends, a bankrupt in purse and reputation, he had turned his back upon the old country and gone to seek his fortune in the new. He had worked hard, fought gallantly and won, and was returning now a rich man.

Not without peril, however, had he brought back his hardly-earned gold to England. Out in the bush, he more than once had narrowly escaped the assassin's knife—only by the skin of his teeth had he slipped through the clutches of Chinese pirates; on the voyage back, and almost within sight of home, he had been nearly wrecked. But the dangers were now all gone and past; and he was within an hour of home and her he loved.

"At last! Thank God!"

They were sorry to part with him on board ship, and even in the bustle of landing, when there was so much else to think of—so many conflicting interests interposing—scarcely a soul left the ship without pausing to bid him good-bye and God speed.

It had been a long and weary voyage. There had been much sickness on board, and fever had struck down the first lieutenant. Foul weather setting in, the loss of an officer would have been severely felt had not Ralph Strangeways volunteered his services, and in the hour of need proved himself the most efficient man on board.

A while after, sickness still raging, the doctor died, and again Ralph, coming to the rescue, turned out to be a little wonder in the world of physic and equal to any emergency.

"You see," he said, with a light laugh, "I've been most things in my time. Off and on, that is to say, I've tried my hand at doctoring and dancing, the law, the stage, several branches of commerce, among others baked potatoes, and I was once very nearly in the church, only—but I was very nearly."

He was about thirty years of age—a light-haired, blue-eyed fellow, with a tawny beard. He had a handsome, good-natured face, somewhat sunburnt; well-shaped hand, though a good deal knocked about and broadened by hard work. His dress was careless and his manners a little rough and unpolished, but there were few unmarried women on board who would have said him nay had he asked their hands in marriage.

But he asked no hands in marriage. His love waited for him in England, and winning smiles and soft glances were thrown away upon our big-bearded friend.

"There is a girl over yonder," he said one night whilst chatting on deck with Captain Wetherwell, "worth all the girls in all the world put together. At least that's my idea. I hope I don't exaggerate."

"I've not a doubt she's all you say, sir," responded the captain, with a smile; "I used to know some of that pattern myself when—when I was younger. I knew several angels when I was twenty-one—terrestrial angels, that is, only wanting wings."

"I wish this voyage was at an end," said Strangeways, wearily; "I want to get on dry land again."

"And the lass; I am afraid she will be weary of waiting, we are so long past our time."

"She is weary of waiting, I am afraid—weary long ago."

"But you have not heard from her during the voyage."

"I haven't heard from her for five years."

"Five years! but you have written often enough yourself, I suppose!"

"Never."

"But she knows you are coming?"

"She has not the least idea of it. I did not know myself a week before the boat started."

"But you said—at least I understood—"

"The story's a long one, captain, but half a dozen words will tell you all that's worth hearing. We were to have been married, and my friends were to have helped me. At the last moment they refused assistance: it is true I had worked them rather unmercifully before. I told her I was a beggar, and had my fortune to make, and I thought there was a chance for me out at the diggings. She offered to share my fortunes, but I was not such a scoundrel as to take her out to certain hardships and probable starvation. 'No,' I said, 'I will go alone—I will do my best—strive my utmost. At the end of five years, if I do not return rich to claim you, think me dead, for I will never return at all; until then will you wait for me?' She promised she would, and I believed her. For four years and nine months, then, I struggled desperately with the most infernal luck that ever fell to mortal man's lot. Heaven only knows how I lived out the time—I starved it out, a good deal of it, and at last, three months before the time was up, and when my prospects were at their worst, I tried my luck at the diggings for the third time, and, as I have already told you, dug up a fortune. I did not want to lose it again, you may be sure, but came with as little loss of time as possible to port, and booked my berth on board your ship."

"And you are returning in five years."

"I should have done it nearly to the day had we had a good passage. As it is, I shall be, according to your reckoning, about a fortnight over my time."

The captain listened to this story with a serious face, but a while after, when by himself, he could not refrain from indulging in a chuckle.

"He is a sanguine soul, my good friend," thought the captain. "Five years is a good time, and after all, women are women. I hope he won't be disappointed."

It seemed to Wetherwell that his passenger ought to have had quite sufficient cause for anxiety in the safe-keeping of his hard earned fortune through the dangers from pirates and shipwreck which befell them on the way, without the further anxiety of wondering whether the lady at the journey's end had remained faithful to her vows and was still hoping for his return.

"I've read all this sort of thing," he thought, "in a score of books. How men have come home and found their wives and sweethearts have forgotten all about them, and worse, have been thinking a good deal about other people during their absence. I hope Strangeways won't be disappointed in the same way. I sincerely hope so, for I like the fellow—I like him very much."

In a conversation the captain had after this with his friend, it come to light that Ralph Strangeways had a third anxiety, of which hitherto no mention had been made.

"I am taking home some other money besides my own," he said. "My chum at the diggings died, and intrusted his share of our findings to my safe-keeping. He has two little girls over there in England, to whom I am to take the money. I suppose I shall find them safe enough, although he has been away much longer than I have—ten years, I think. Then, however, he has heard from them often, and written to them, and sent money for their support."

"And they know of his death?"

"No; that I have got to break to them."

"An unpleasant task!"

"Yes."

A sincere friendship had grown up between the captain and Ralph Strangeways during the voyage; and when the hour approached for them to separate, they were loth to do so.

"We can go to the same hotel, at any rate," said the captain. "You'll have plenty to do, I've no doubt; but when I've seen my ship owners, and got through my little bit of work, my time's all my own, and at your disposal. I'm an old bachelor, as you know, and have neither kith nor kin. I find it rather lonely on shore sometimes, particularly in the old country, which somehow is always so strange to me, and so altered each time I come back to it."

"Altered?" said Ralph Strangeways, with an incredulous smile.

He, too, found it altered ere long.

"If you are not particular what hotel you go to," said Ralph, "I've a fancy myself to put up at a quiet old city inn I used to know in my wild days, where there was a certain bright-eyed, tender-hearted widow, who many a time lent me a pound when I and my vagabond friends were run short. I should very much like to have a look at the old house."

"And the widow," said the captain, slyly; "I'm quite agreeable."

The inn in question was in the neighborhood of Doctors' Commons—a sleepy old house, in a quiet yard where odd blades of grass sprouted here and there between the round stones in the roadway.

They drove up to the door, and the cab had scarcely stopped before Strangeways sprung out and bounded lightly up the steps and peeped in smiling anticipation through the door.

There was the old bar just as he remembered it in the old time, and just as it used to be left all to itself. A female form was in the parlor beyond with its back towards him.

Perhaps it was the widow.

But hearing the sound of his footstep, the person approached, and Strangeways saw that it was a stranger. A bar-maid, apparently—a youngish woman, prim, with little corkscrew curls.

"Is the landlady in?" he asked.

"The landlady—you mean the landlord."

"What landlord?—I mean Mrs. Burrel; but, to be sure, I suppose she has married again."

"The master is not married," the woman replied. "I think Burrell was the name of the party who had the house before him, but she's dead."

"We'll go to some other house," said Strangeways, a few minutes afterwards, when he came back to his friend waiting outside in the cab. "Any other house where you like."

The captain named a place westwards, and as they drove along, Strangeways told him what had occurred. While they were yet talking, they passed a tavern which Ralph had known when last he was in England, and here he would insist on stopping again to make inquiries.

Again strange faces greeted him. The house had changed hands.

"And the old landlord dead?"

"May be, may be not. Gone to the dogs, at any rate. A bankrupt years ago."

"And the old waiter, old Joe, was he there still?"

"Joe—don't know the name," the landlord said, and called to the pot-boy for information.

"Gone—dead this ever so long," the pot-boy made answer. "Died in the work'us. Wery bad off indeed, wery bad."

They drove on to the hotel, and here the captain was ordering dinner to be served with as little delay as possible.

"I hope you won't think me foolish," said Strangeways rather awkwardly. "It is stupid, I know, but—but somehow I don't think I could sit down to eat until I have made a few inquiries—till I have seen her, in fact. It's not so very far off where the family live. I'll take a cab, and go at once. Perhaps I may decide not to go in, but—but I should like to see the house."

The captain made no difficulties. He could understand his friend's feelings, and ordering his own dinner, took his meal alone rather sadly.

"There's no one waiting for me," he thought, and ordered another half-pint of sherry to console himself for this neglect on the part of the other sex generally.

Meanwhile the cab quickly conveyed Ralph Strangeways to the spot to which he had given directions for the driver to take him—that is to say, near the spot; for at a place where there was a large open space with a good deal of scaffolding and wooden palings to be seen in all directions, the cab came to a standstill, and driver said:—

"Somewheres about here, sir, aint it?"

"Somewhere close at hand," replied Strangeways, peering out into the night; "I can't quite make things out."

"You said Mortimer street, sir, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Hi, boy!" (this to an errand-boy with a basket), "do you know Mortimer street?"

"Never heerd of it."

"What nonsense!" cried Strangeways, impatiently; "drive over to that public-house."

They drove there, and pursued their inquiries.

"Mortimer street," said the waterman at the cab-rank in the corner; "that's one on the streets as has been took down along of the improvements. There ain't a brick left standing on it now."

"Stop, cabman; I'll go inside and look in the *Directory*."

He searched for the name of Etheridge, but there was no such name to be found. Did they happen to have last year's *Directory?* No, but they had that of the year before.

He looked in that, and found Mortimer street, but the name was not Etheridge at the number where he expected to find it.

He came back slowly to the cab and took his seat.

"Where shall I drive to?"

Where, indeed. He was so stunned by this unexpected disappointment, that he could think of no reasonable plan of action.

"Drive back slowly towards the hotel," he said, and began to ponder.

Presently an idea occurred to him, and he called to the driver to go as fast as possible to a certain hospital.

"What a fool I was not to think of that at once! There is the house-surgeon there. Of course he can tell me all I want to know."

But there was yet another disappointment in store for him. Mr. Deverel was house-surgeon no longer. The present house-surgeon, a grave, gray gentleman, looked rather black while he spoke of him. He had, he said, no idea where Mr. Deverel was to be found. Perhaps the porter might know.

The porter was doubtful. He had been told Mr. Deverel had left the medical profession. Some said he had gone rather wild. Now he came to think of it, if he was to be heard of anywhere in London it was at a certain tavern near the Haymarket.

At this tavern Mr. Deverel was known—familiarly known, it would seem, for he was spoken of as "Jack," but his private address was not obtainable.

"He comes here pretty often. Every day, almost, but at no fixed time."

"Would it be of any use to wait?"

"None at all."

This seemed a curious manner for a tavern-keeper to treat a person, who might have been a good customer while waiting, and Strangeways pondered over it as he returned to his cab. Whilst he was hesitating as to where he should go now, a red-haired, ragged boy touched him on the arm.

"Do you pertickler want to see the gent, sir, as you was axing arter?"

"Of course I do."

"I can put you on him, sir, if it's all on the square."

"What do you mean? It's square enough."

"There's no harm'll come to him?"

"None," replied Strangeways, in astonishment; "where is he?"

"It's close handy, but you can't go in a cab."

Strangeways hesitated a moment, then discharged the driver, and followed his youthful guide. The affair grew momentarily more astonishing. What mystery was there about this man he was in search of? When he had seen him last he was in a good position, the intimate friend of the mother of his betrothed wife, a trustee under the dead father's will, though a young man (by this time not more than thirty), rising rapidly in his profession, and bearing an honorable name. What could have happened? What changes in five years!

He followed his guide through a labyrinth of vile courts and crooked alleys, and under archways so narrow that there was only room to walk in single file, and at last, at the corner of one of the most squalid of the courts he had yet seen, the boy came to a standstill and pointed to a shop.

"You'll find him in there."

Strangeways looked in the direction indicated in blank astonishment. It was a rag-and-bottle shop which the boy had pointed out; a dark dog-kennel of a place, reeking with a thousand evil odors, and crammed with greasy rags and half-decayed rubbish.

"In there?" he repeated; "impossible!"

For a moment the idea occurred to him—had the boy brought him here for any unlawful purpose? Was an attempt going to be made to rob him? He carried his money upon his person in notes in a belt round his waist. Was this a wise course, and ought he to venture in such a neighborhood under these circumstances? But you must remember that Ralph Strangeways had been in the bush and to the diggings, and had mixed with some rough company and seen some ugly phases of life.

It was not, therefore, very likely that the sight of a narrow court and a few ragged people would make him timid. But this shop had somehow a particularly ugly look about it, and he hesitated for a moment before crossing the threshold.

"He doesn't live here, does he?" he asked of the boy.

"I don't know. He's mostly here. He's here now."

"There's a shilling for you then for your trouble. Stop a bit though," he added, drawing back the coin before it touched the boy's hand. "Perhaps you've been having a lark with me. On second thoughts I'll give you the money when I've made my inquiries. Stop here."

He passed into the shop and peered through the gloom towards a faint light glimmering behind the dirt-encrusted panes of a window in a door communicating with a room beyond, and knocking his stick upon the ground called out:

"Hallo! hallo!"

As though he had risen from the earth, a figure came out from among the rags and rubbish close by his elbow—the figure of a very dirty old man with ragged gray hair matted over his face.

"What do you want? What are you shouting about?"

"Why don't you throw a better light on the subject, old gentleman? I didn't see you."

"It's light enough for my business," replied the old man. "What do you please to want now you do see me?"

"I want Mr. Deverel."

"Deverel? Who's he? I don't know such a—"

"All right, Diggs," another voice put in; "he wants me. Step in here, sir. What is it?"

Obedient to this direction Strangeways made his way with some little difficulty past the heaps of rubbish encumbering the floor, and found himself in a squalid, ill-smelling room beyond, face to face with the person who had called to him.

The place was lighted only by a solitary tallow candle, which guttered on the mantelpiece with an enormous wick; but what light there was fell full upon the face of the solitary occupant of the room, and Strangeways, after a moment of doubt, recognized in him the man of whom he was in search.

He was not, however, ragged and dirty, as at first he had almost expected to find him. There was about him a certain pretence at elegance, a sort of slangy smartness. He was smoking a cigar. On one hand he wore a light glove—on the other glittered several rings of large size. As to his face, that was much altered from what it had been when Strangeways recollected him.

Then he had worn no whiskers—now they were large and dark. His eyebrows seemed more bushy than they used to be, and shaded his deeply-set eyes. The lines around his mouth were hard and well marked, and there were wrinkles on his brow, and crows' feet round his eyes, of which there had been no trace five years ago.

He was a handsome man in the common acceptation of the word, but on his face was written "scoundrel" very plainly—plainer than the largest print.

"Why, Deverel, don't you know me? I've had a great deal of trouble to find you out."

As he spoke he stretched forth his hand, and the other took it, but without returning the pressure of his fingers.

"I fancy I have heard your voice before," he said; "but I do not know you."

"You used to do; you have forgotten me, I suppose. There have been great changes, I daresay, during the last five years that I have been away from England, and I suppose you have had plenty else to think of."

"You have been away five years, you say?"

"I have been to Australia. Do you know me now?"

"Ralph Strangeways!"

"None other. I have turned up at last, you see, but it is to find everything altered, and everybody gone I don't know where. The first thing I did, you may be sure, was to go in search of the Etheridges—you can understand that, Deverel You have not forgotten what there was between me and Grace. You recollect what occurred when I went away."

"Yes—yes; well?"

"Well, as you know, of course I not only did not find her living at the house where I left her living, but I could not even find the house. Egad! the very street was gone. What could I do? I had no notion where to turn—to whom to apply to learn tidings of her."

"Tidings of her! Have you not heard then—"

"Heard what? What should I hear? what could I? I went way saying I would bring back a fortune for her in five years, and at the end of that time, if she did not see me she must look upon me as dead. But at the end of the time I have returned as you see, and with the fortune I promised, and am dying to go to her. But as I was saying, who could I apply to? Suddenly I bethought me of my old friend Deverel, a friend of the family, and I went straight to the hospital to make inquiries."

"Ah, it was there then they told you how to find me. But I wonder—"

"It was not there. The porter directed me to a public-house, where they seemed very shy about furnishing me with your address. Indeed, if it had not been for a dirty little vagabond outside, who volunteered to act as guide, I never should have reached you. But about Grace—where is she?"

"She is—you have heard nothing?"

"Nothing. For God's sake, what do you mean?"

"I mean nothing. It seems so strange that you should not have heard from her all this while—and you have brought back the fortune then?"

"I've brought back £6,000, if that will answer the description. But tell me, where is she?"

Strange to say, the other was silent. His hand was raised to his face and hid his mouth. His eyes were fixed upon Ralph with a curious speculation in their thoughtful gaze. Then of a sudden a bright gleam lit them up, and he spoke with more animation than he had hitherto shown.

"There is no cause for uneasiness," he said. "Miss Grace Etheridge is very well, I believe; I cannot give you her address this moment I have not seen her for some time. Where are you stopping? I will bring it to you without fail to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated the other with a look of bitter disappointment. "That seems an awful long time, do you know. Could I not make the inquiries? could we not together—"

"No, that is impossible; I have some very important business to attend to. Besides, you could not see her to-night, for she is somewhere in the country. She has gone out as a governess, you know. Her poor mother lost what money she had by speculation."

"Good heavens! then they have been poor? She has suffered and I not know it!"

"You ought to have inquired, you know. But happily she has suffered nothing. The change in their fortune occurred before the change in mine, and I was able to help them a little in their difficulties."

Strangeways took his hand.

"God bless you for that, Deverel. Their debt is mine now, and shall be repaid threefold."

"Tut-tut! There's no call for thanks. I did what I could; it was not very much."

"I must hear about your difficulties if you will give me your confidence; but about Grace—must I wait till to-morrow? Is it positively necessary?"

"It is, but by ten o'clock you shall hear from me, and most likely see her to-morrow."

Strangeways wrote down the name of his hotel upon a leaf he tore from his pocket book, and once more shaking hands, moved towards the door.

"This is a queer meeting," he said, pausing on the way, "and a queerer meeting place."

"Queer, indeed, it must seem to you, but I will explain all to-morrow."

"Till to-morrow, then! Would to heaven to-morrow had come!"

"It will come soon enough," replied the other, as holding high the guttering candle he lighted Strangeways out and called "good night" after him as he went away, then retraced his steps to the parlor.

The old man followed him in.

"I may want you, Diggs," said Deverel; "I suppose you know all that has passed?"

"I heard you promise to find the gentleman his young lady. Do you want me to look for her?"

"No! I know where she is."

"Indeed! Where is she, then?"

"*She is dead.*"

"Dead! But why—what made you promise he should see her to-morrow?"

"So he shall."

"Shall! Why, you don't mean—"

"I mean what I say. *She shall meet him to-morrow!*"

TO BE CONTINUED.

A BASHFUL MAN IN LOVE.

His name was Danphule; we used to call him Jack, for short. Heaven help me if he should see this story.

Among many of his misfortunes, for he was cock-eyed, red-haired and knock-kneed, he numbered the inconvenient one of bashfulness; nevertheless, he was fond of the ladies, although when in their presence, he never opened his mouth if he could help it, and when he did speak, he used both hands to help him, in fact he was a man of "great actions."

Jack, one warm day, fell in love; he had just graduated at college, and began to think he must seek the ladies' society; he was getting to be a man, and it was manly to have a "penchant."

So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, most hoydenish girl in the square; but how to tell his love! there was the rub. He had heard a good deal of the "language of the eyes," and he accordingly tried that, but when he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the other side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eye. He has despised expressive eyes ever since then.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interview only increased his ardor, he determined on going it alone.

Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons, black cassimere pants, (said pants a *leetle* tighter than the skin,) and a spotless vest.

The journals of the day state, as an item of intelligence, that the thermometer ranged from 75 to 80 degrees. Jack swears it was a hundred.

As the hour gradually drew near, Jack found his perspiration and his courage oozing out together; and he almost determined to pull off and stay at home. He concluded, however, he'd take a walk past the house and see how he felt.

By the time he reached the mansion, he firmly concluded not to go in, but on casting his eyes towards the parlor window and perceiving no signs of life, he thought it was probable that no one was at home, and since he had proceeded so far, he would proceed farther, and leave his card.

No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled the bell; the darned thing needn't make such a *cussed* noise.

The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant girl politely asked him in. Miss Emily was alone in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him.

O Lord! here was a fix! Go in a dark parlor with a pretty girl alone! It was too late to retreat, the girl had closed the front door, and was pointing into the parlor where Miss Emily was.

Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked or slided.

All was perfect chaos to his eyes for a moment, but only for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice, "bidding him welcome and draw near." To obey the order was but the work of a moment, as he supposed, but he little dreamt of the obstacle which fate had thrown in his way. He knew too well that the stream of love had many ripples, but full-grown snags entered not into his head.

Judge, then, of his astonishment at being tripped up almost at the fair one's feet by a fat stool with plethoric legs, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on his road to happiness. Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed any extra tension of the muscles and sinews, he not only *procured* a tumble, but also a compound *fracture* of the black pants aforesaid, said *fracture* extending all across the point which comes in closest contact with the chair.

Having picked himself up as carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily not "setting him forward any," he at least succeeded in reaching a chair, and drawing his coat tails forward a disagreeable expose, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would when requested to dance upon a pile of needles.

The young lady was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad misfortune of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him, and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark. On this rock he split.

Just at that moment she discovered she had lost her handkerchief. What had become of it? She was sure she had it when he came in. It must certainly be somewhere about.

"Havn't you got it under you, Mr. Danphule?"

Jack was sure he had not, but poor Jack in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop his coat-tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing *viper*, he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so the fracture opened, and behold there lay as the lady supposed, her property.

It was the work of a moment to catch the corner and exclaim:—

"Here it is, sir, you needn't trouble yourself about it. Just raise a little, it's under you," at the same time she gave it a long, hard pull.

Alas the *tail* was told, no escape, nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt.

But what should he do? Another and another stronger pull, evincing on the part of the lady a praise-worthy determination to obtain the lost *dry-goods*, coupled with the request:—

"Get up, sir, you're *sitting on it*," determined him; in the agony of the moment and grabbing with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed:—

"For God's sake, Miss Emily, *leave my shirt collar!*"

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THE PUGILIST'S DEATH-BED.

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

And so at last my work is done,
I've struggled in my might—
But Death the champion's belt has won—
Old woman, dear, good night!
I shall not see to-morrow's sun,
Nor fight another fight.

I've been a wicked man, I know,
I've little chance of grace,
But when I see the teardrops flow
Adown your patient face
I almost hope that you may show
Me to the Better Place.

You know you sometimes used to read
From out the Holy Book—
Perhaps you'll find, to suit my need,
A passage, if you look;
I think it is the Christian's creed
That none are quite forsook.

The sinner and the pharisee—
Those two who went to pray—
Don't that affair apply to me?
Just turn to it, my May;
If in it any hope there be,
I need it most to-day.

Yes, he was saved. 'Tis growing dark,
The shadows gather fast;
My final round I'm fighting—hark,
I hear a trumpet blast:
It calls me; well, I'm at the mark;
Don't cry; there's rest at last.

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

SAVING A TOWN FROM THE ENEMY.—When the Spanish Armada was hovering about the English coast, a company of vagrant actors were performing a piece called "Sampson," in a booth, at Penryn; and the enemy having silently landed a body of men, were making their way, at night, to burn the town, when fortunately, at that instant, the players having let Sampson loose on the Philistines, the sound of drums, trumpets and shouts created such a tremendous hubbub, that the Spaniards fancied the whole town, with Belzebub at their back, were pouring down upon them and immediately turning tail scampered off to their ships.

KINGS AND THE PLAY ACTORS.—Not to mention the days when kings themselves condescended to turn playwrights—when Charles the second altered an incident in the plot of Dryden's "Aurungzebe," we may mention the liberal dramatic patronage of George the Third, under whom theatricals were in a flourishing state, and particularly in the provinces—not merely in considerable cities and towns, but in obscurer country places, many of which, either in barn or booth, contrived to have their circuit-going comedians, while in London it was still the fashion "to go to the play;" so that at this time, the words of the critic in the days of Garrick and Macklin, were in equal force—namely, that England had four estates, the King, the Lords, the Commons and the *Players*.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.—People usually associate the Barber of Seville with the opera of that name. It is really one of the wittiest comedies in existence. The barber is especially witty in reference to newspapers. He tells the Count that there is in Madrid a newspaper in which, so long as nothing is said of authority, or of religion, or of politics, or of morals, or of the Court, or of the constituted bodies, or of the opera and other theatres, or of anybody belonging to the respectable classes, almost anything can be printed with freedom—under the inspection of two or three censors. Nearly eighty years have elapsed since the publication of Beaumarchais' stinging satire; but every word of it applies, with poignant and undiminished truth, to the press of imperial France.

THE FATE OF A COMPANY.—In 1733, an itinerant company of comedians proceeded even to the island of Jamaica, and actually realized a large sum of money by acting. They received 370 pistoles the first night of the "Beggar's Opera," but within the space of two months they had buried their Polly, Mrs. Slammakid Fitch, and two others of the gang. The gentlemen of the island, for some time, too, took their turns upon the stage, to keep at least the diversion alive; but this did not last long, for within two months more there were but one old man, a boy and a woman of the original company surviving. The party had died either by the distemper of the country, or the effects of rum punch, a beverage so frequently fatal to new comers. The shattered remains of the crew, with upwards of 2,000 pistoles in bank, embarked for Carolina, to join another company at Charlestown, but they also perished, having been cast away on the voyage.

ELLISTON.—Elliston being at Glasgow, Scotland, he dined on one occasion in the public room of an inn, in which there was an elderly Scotch gentleman, who had already taken his mid-day meal, and was quietly enjoying his tumbler of whiskey-toddy. His exterior was not prepossessing. He wore a short sandy wig, which the temperature of many seasons, and the animal caloric of the wearer, had so puckered up, that it came scarce midway of his poll, which was about as red as a brick-bat. He had lost an eye, and, by a singular incident, every alternate tooth, so that his capacious jaws resembled a kind of tusky portcullis, which led to the citadel of his stomach. His cravat was narrow and loose, for his neck was of amazing dimensions. But the stranger soon discovered better qualities than a comely exterior, for he was thoroughly good-natured, and extremely communicative. In Elliston he had met with no uncongenial spirit—they soon entered into familiar conversation; and having brought their rummers to one common table, were soon "as thick as thieves." Now suppose two hours past. "And so, you're a stage-actor, you tell me. Perhaps ye're acquainted with Harry Johnston?" To this Elliston having made assent, his companion proceeded: "Weel, weel; and now, sir, I've to tell you one thing more. I have passed twa pleasant hours—vary pleasant hours in your society; within twanty minuits, d'ye mind, from this time, I shall be sa drunk, that wi'na be able to utter one word, and I just think it right to tak the present opportunity, while I'm noo intelligible, of telling ye who I am. My name is Scafield, and I live five gude miles awa' from Glasgow, and I shall walk every foot on't, this vary night, and I'll just come and see if you're as brave a lad as Harry Johnston, to-morrow night, for I'll come and see ye act, and my family shall see ye act too." Having made this speech, Mr. Scafield again betook himself to the whiskey. He was verily as good as his word; within twenty minutes he was no more, for in a last effort to keep up the fire, off went the wig, and he rolled from his chair, taking the measure of an unmade grave. Elliston here called aloud for the waiter; but, to his surprise, Sandy seemed to take but little notice of the prostrate North Briton, only remarking: "Eh! as sure as deeth, it's na' but Mr. Scafield—he'll walk hame to-night, I warrant ye; but you'd better let him bide—he's used to it, and we're all used to it here."

Romeo and the Countryman.

An acquaintance relates the following comical scene which he witnessed one night out West, at a village theatre:

The piece had passed off without interruption, until the last scene. The character of Romeo was excellently enacted and loudly applauded. The very model of the lover was before the tomb of the Capulas, gazing upon the motionless form of her who had so attracted his soul, and meditating upon committing an act which would send his spirit to that undiscovered country where he supposed Juliet's had gone. Just as he exclaimed, "Here's to my love!" and at the same time raised the vial which contained the poison to his lips, a stalwart young countryman jumped upon the stage, seized him, dashed the vial from his hand, crushing it into atoms, and yelling:

"Yer darned fool! she ain't dead! Only been takin' a little sleepin' medicine. Didn't yer get the parson's letter?"

"Sirrah!" growled out the enraged tragedian, while the house fairly shook with laughter.

"Why, yer gal ain't dead, I tell yer. The way it was, they wanted to make Julia marry that chap thar," pointing at Paris, "whose business you have just settled, but I tell you Julia war spunk—she got her back up, and vowed she wouldn't do it, even if, while she war lying in the vault, the ghost of the other feller whom you kilt should dash her brains out with the bones of some of her dead cousins. Wal, her spunk war up, and she took the stuff the parson fixed, so she could play the possum till you got hum. That's the way it war," replied the countryman, giving the desperate lover a tremendous poke in the ribs with his elbow, and at the same time loosing his hold.

"Curses on the fellow!" muttered the raving tragedian, as he stalked behind the scenes.

"Wal, now," said the countryman, fronting the audience, "if that ain't a leetle the dod-darned meanest curse I ever did see, I hope to be swowed. That's all the thanks I get for stopping him from pizenin' himself. Hope to be tarnally smashed if ever I go to interfere agin when a feller wants to murder himself," he continued, as he clambered back to his seat, just in time to prevent his upper story from coming in contact with the curtain as it descended.

AN ACCIDENTAL HELP.—The medical profession has been indebted to chance for some of its most valuable acquisitions, and there are few of its practitioners who do not find in their practice the good or ill which it effects. A celebrated physician, who was as remarkable for the deep interest which he took in his patients as for his skill, had been in attendance upon a very irritable old lady for some time, and had bestowed great attention on her case, and felt great anxiety to alleviate her sufferings; all the means he could think of were tried, but the effect which he thought to produce was not in his power, and he saw that she was gradually sinking. As he paid his accustomed visit one morning, he found her lying in a state of stupefaction, and with every alarming symptom, he thought it right to apprise her friends that her last hours were approaching. "My dear young lady," said he to her relation, who accompanied him to the room door, "I am sorry to tell you—very sorry—but your poor aunt cannot hold out for four-and-twenty hours." "And pray, who told you *that*, and how dare you say it?" said the old lady, bouncing up with an effort of strength that appeared quite supernatural, and sitting bolt upright; "how dare you say it?" She was in a violent passion, and as she vehemently held forth in abuse of her doctor, the excitement produced all that was necessary—the abscess, which had been the sole cause of her illness, broke from her exertion; she got immediate relief, soon recovered, and lived for many years.

THE HUMAN BODY.—While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of digesting the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the fibres of the living animal, but the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acid. There is dust on the sea and land—in the valley and on the mountain top—there is dust always and everywhere. The atmosphere is full of it. It penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest and darkest caves of the earth. No palace door can shut it out, no drawer is so secret as to escape its presence. Every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, which yet is not blinded, because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads itself over the surface of the eyeball, at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. This liquid, so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acidity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids were it not that along the edges of them are little oil manufactories, which spread over the surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeballs clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

OUR GAME BAG.

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BREVITIES.

A DEER INVESTMENT.—Two hundred deer have been shipped East from Toledo, Ohio, during the past week.

CANINE ITEM.—Between April and June of the present year, 656,977 licenses for dogs were granted in England.

WHAT A ROW TO O.—Mrs. Aaron Rowe, of Mt. Vernon, O., added five to her family at one blow recently—three boys and two girls.

THE man who could't "trust his feelings" is supposed to do business strictly on ready money principles.

THE best right of man, is the right to write what is right. The best right of woman, the marriage rite.

A LATE heavy fall of rain showed one ludicrous sight—an attempt to crowd two fashionably-dressed women under one umbrella.

A CLERGYMAN who had been accused of preaching long sermons, excused himself on the ground that the church was a large one.

LADIES who are fond of knitting, when at sea, need never be in want of material for work, for any sailor will always be ready to spin them a yarn.

AFTER all, there are only two sorts of disease, says a French doctor—one of which you die, and the other of which you don't.

A YOUTH, with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

DERIVATION OF BUSS.—Buss—to kiss. Rebuss—to kiss again. Blunderbuss—two girls kissing each other. Omnibus—to kiss all the girls in the room.

A MINNESOTA land speculator, in describing a lake in that State, says it is so clear and so deep that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

WISE PROVERBS.

THE earth is always frozen to the idle husbandman.

MOST evils come on horseback and go away on foot.

To excel others is a proof of talent, but to know when to conceal that superiority is a greater proof of prudence.

WITH ceremonious friends a three days' visit is long enough—a rest day, a dressed day and a pressed day.

THE weapon that no enemy can parry is a bold and cheerful spirit.

THE true poet is always great, if compared with others; not always if compared with himself.

OUR companions please us less from the charms we find in their conversation than from those they find in ours.

PEOPLE oftener want something to be taken away to make them agreeable than something to be added.

THOSE who speak without reflection often remember their own words afterwards with sorrow.

THE duty of the happy is to help the suffering to bear their woe.

WE cannot love without imitating, and we are as proud of the loss of our originality as of our freedom.

SUCCESS too often sanctions the worst and the wildest schemes of human ambition.

FINERY and expenses above a man's rank provoke envy, satire and slander, and are the ready road to poverty and want.

FLATTERY is like a flail, which, if not adroitly used, will box your own ears instead of tickling those of the flattered.

GOOD spirits are often taken for good nature, yet nothing differs so much: insensibility being generally the source of the former, and sensibility the latter.

THE consciousness of being beloved is so grateful to every heart that there are few who seek to question the sincerity of those who tell them they are so.

HE that never was acquainted with adversity has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature.

THEY who aim at perfection, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

FEAR is implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but its duty, like other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or beset life with supernumerary distresses.

INSTRUCTIVE ITEMS.

DON QUIXOTE.—At an exhibition once held in the city of Toledo, Spain, one of the objects shown was a complete edition of "Don Quixote," printed in microscopic characters, on fifty-four cigarette papers, in four volumes.

NUMBER OF VOCAL SOUNDS.—There are in the human voice about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds. Thus fourteen direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383, thirty indirect muscles produce 173,741,823, and all in co-operation produce the above total, independently of different degrees of intensity.

THE ORIGIN OF PERFUMERY.—The origin of perfumery, like that of all ancient arts, has been the subject of great controversy. Some assert that its birthplace was Mesopotamia; others, Elam or ancient Persia; others again Arabia, which has long enjoyed and still retains the name of the "land of perfumes." It is, however, certain that the first perfumes were obtained by the combustion of aromatic woods and gums (hence the name *per fumum*, "through smoke"), and that the first use primitive nations made of them was to offer them on the altars erected to their gods, perhaps with the mystic idea that their prayers would reach them the sooner being wafted on the blue wreaths of smoke; or for the less poetical purposes of counteracting the smell of the flesh burned in their sacrifices. Modern incense derives its sweet balsamic smell from benzoin (*Styrax benzoin*), which also forms one of the chief ingredients in pastilles and fumigating papers.

THE DOG DOCTOR'S SECRET.—Good food, dainties, and want of exercise are the destruction of parlor dogs. They become fat with increasing age, and contract various diseases. At last the day comes when a dose of prussic acid must finish the business, or that a medical practitioner must be called in, who will, by a severe regimen, restore the dog's health and appetite. An ex-kennel-man made a very comfortable income by this peculiar line of practice. He divulged the secret of his system a few days before his dissolution. "I always tied 'em," said this canine Abernethy, "to a crab tree at the end of my garden for a week, and gave 'em nothing but water. When I fetched 'em from their mistresses they refused to eat what I should have been glad to eat, and when they went back they would eat what I couldn't have touched. I've had some dogs twice, or even three times a year, but I always cured 'em at last. One of 'em was as good as three pounds a year to me. I was terrible fond of him, but he never took to me; and when he saw me coming for him to bring down his fat, he would waddle away, and howl enough to wake the dead. Dogs haven't got no gratitude."

A BENEVOLENT SINGER.—The principal singer of the great theatre at Lyons one day observed a poor woman, with her four children, begging in the street. Her decent and respectable appearance, in the midst of extreme poverty, interested the kind-hearted vocalist. He desired the poor woman to follow him into the Place Bellour, where, placing himself in a corner, with his back to the wall, his head covered with his handkerchief, and his hat at his feet, he began to sing his most favorite opera airs. The beauty of his voice drew a crowd round; the idea of some mystery stimulated the by-standers, and five-franc pieces fell in showers into the hat. When the singer, who had thus, in the goodness of his heart, transformed himself into a street minstrel, thought he had got enough, he took up the hat, emptied its contents into the apron of the poor woman who stood motionless with amazement and happiness, and disappeared among the crowd. His talent, however, betrayed him, though his face was concealed; the story spread, and the next evening, when he appeared on the stage, shouts of applause from all parts of the house proved that a good action is never thrown away.

TO MANAGE A BITING HORSE IN THE STALL.—A cord is fastened to the halter head and passes through the ring, or staple, or hole into which the halter-stale or strap is fastened, and passes from thence to another at the end of the stall division post in the rear of the horse. Here it is fastened, that it may not be drawn through. When the groom is to enter the stall he pulls the cord, and draws the horse's head up to the ring to which the halter is fastened, and then the cord is tied. His head is no longer at liberty, the horse is no longer dangerous. This method is cheap, simple and easily adopted. A hole in the stall partition, which any body may bore with an auger, will answer the purpose to pass the cord through. When the horse is taken out without the halter there is no trouble in it, for it costs as much trouble to take off the halter without the safety-cord as with it. If the halter be left on the horse it is as easy to untie the cord from the halter as to untie the halter, and it may be made for a few cents (or quarters of dollars if made with rings) at most.

MERRY MOMENTS.

WANTED.—A correct standard for measuring the height of an absurdity, and a slipper from the foot of a dancing moonbeam.

IF a man who makes a deposition is a depositor, does it necessarily follow that the man who makes an allegation is an alligator?

A MINER who lately came from Virginia city says vegetation is so scarce in that region that "two mullen stalks and a bunch of thistles is called a *grove!*"

A HOT TOAST.—The following is given as a fireman's toast:—"The ladies—the only incendiaries who kindle a flame which water will not extinguish."

A PUNGENT PUN.—"No pains will be spared," as the quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism.

JUST SO.—"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours and found no game." "Just so. I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is the more hunting you have.

A BITTER RETORT.—"All morning bitters have a heating tendency or effect," said a doctor to a young lady. "You will except a bitter cold morning, won't you, doctor?" inquired the lady.

SARDONICAL.—"That was a horrible affair," said a gentleman in company, "the murder of Dean, and the sealing up of his remains in a tin box!" "What Dean?" asked half a dozen voices at once. "Sar Dean," replied the wag.

A PUGILISTIC PUN.—A badly-bunged-up Emerald-Islander, in response to the inquiry, "Where have you been?" said, "Down to Mrs. Mulroony's wake, and an illegant time we had of it. Fourteen fights in fifteen minutes; only one whole nose left in the house, and that belonged to the taykettle."

AN ARKANSAS JURY.—A coroner in Arkansas, after empanelling his jury, said, "Now, gentlemen, you are to determine whether the deceased came to his death by accidence, by incidence, or by incendiary. The verdict was that "The deceased came to his death by accidence in the shape of a bowie knife."

POSING A PEDAGOGUE.—"Sally Jones, have you done that sum I set you?" "No, thir; I can't do it." "Can't do it? I'm ashamed of you. Why, at your age I could do any sum that was set me. I hate that word *can't!* for there is no sum that can't be done, I tell you." "I think, thir, that I know a thum you can't thifer out." "Ha! well, Sally, let's hear it." "It ith thith, thir:—If one apple cauthed the ruin of the whole human rath, how many thutch will it take to make a barrel of thider, thir?" "Miss Sally Jones you may return to your parsing lesson." "Yeth thir."

A FRUITFUL COMPARISON.—Kate was talking glowingly about "love-apples."—"That's strange!" exclaimed Charlie, her accepted lover. "Why should 'love' be associated with 'apples?' On the contrary, I thought that love alway went in pairs." Kate smiled approvingly.

A CRACKING BRIDGE.—An observing man, who was recently traveling in the train, noticed a gentleman and lady seated in close juxtaposition, and, judging from their conduct, imagined that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair sat two Germans. When near a certain town, the train passed through a long, dark bridge. Amid the thundering and rattling of the carriages could be heard a noise that sounded for all the world like the concussion of lips. Such hearty smacks startled all the party. As we emerged into daylight, one of the Germans slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed. "Vell, I tinks dat ish tam bad bridge. *I hears him crack one, two, tree, four times.*" The lady drew down her veil and for the remainder of the trip looked mute and quiet.

AN ECONOMICAL SON.—It is related of an individual of considerable wealth, but of an economic turn of mind, that he was recently bereaved of a parent whom he desired to perform the funeral ceremonies for at the smallest rate of expense. Sitting attired in a solemn suit of black, and face buried in his handkerchief, he awaited the appointed hour for the services to commence, the friends of the deceased arriving meanwhile. Two of the latter were seated at the window, conversing with each other, and noting the arrivals. "Here comes Jones." "Here's Harris and his wife." "Here's Miss Wiggins and sister." "And here's the two Herseys." "What's that?" said the chief mourner, overhearing the last sentence, and suddenly starting up. "*Two hearses!*" Curse that extravagant undertaker! What does he mean by sending two hearses to bury one old man? He'll only get pay for *one* hearse at *this* funeral." The two friends at the window must have been near friends of the deceased, for at this outbreak they had recourse to their handkerchiefs, and their whole frames seemed to shake with emotion.

A NOVEL ART CRITICISM.—The pugilistic Heenan, while on a brief Continental tour, says a European paper, stopped for a few hours at Antwerp, whose cathedral boasts one of the finest of Reuben's paintings, "The Descent from the Cross," which, oddly enough, was executed for the Antwerp arquebusiers as an indemnification for a threatened lawsuit. The picture was the object of admiration by the persons who composed the party, one of whom pointed out the knowledge of anatomy exhibited by the artist in delineating the wonderful muscles of the arms and legs of the prominent characters in the picture. Mr. Heenan, however, did not seem to see it in that light. His own physical frame was at its perfection, and probably no human being ever displayed a more perfect development of arms and legs than he did at that moment. Reaching down and feeling the calves of his legs and the muscles above, and then pressing the big knobs, hard as knots, on his arms, he quietly remarked: "That's all gammon; there never was any such muscles as them onto any man!"

ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN.—His peculiar talent was that of illustrating subjects by apposite anecdotes. After the news of the destruction of the stamped paper in America had arrived in England, the ministry sent for the Doctor to consult with; and, in conclusion, offered this proposal:—"That if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper, &c., the parliament would then repeal the act." The Doctor having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered it as follows:—"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, "*Hah! Monsieur, voulez-vous* give me *de plaisir, de satisfaction*, to let me run this poker only one foot into your body?" "My body!" replied the Englishman; "what do you mean?" "*Vel den*, only so far," marking about six inches. "Are you mad?" returned the other; "I tell you, if you don't go about your business I'll knock you down." "*Vel den*," said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner, "vil you, my good sire, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and *expense* of heating this poker?"

Walrus Hunting.

This appears to be the leading sport of the recent addition to Uncle Sam's Farm known as Sitka, and as some of our sports may emigrate thither, we here give a description of a late hunt. Says one who took part therein:—"While at Kingegan, an Esquimaux village of 900 inhabitants, on the straits, I accompanied the natives in one of their walrus hunts in Behring's Sea, which was both dangerous and exciting. Before venturing into the straits, north winds are chosen, and incantations performed to insure safety. Their boats, which are made of walrus hides stretched over light wooden frames of driftwood, fifteen feet long, are kept near the water's edge in readiness to start without loss of time. With the wind fair, we started. About fifty boats, each containing nine Esquimaux, shoved off from the land ice at the same time, and a general race was indulged in as we paddled out to sea. The scene was grand and exciting. Every Indian pulled with all his strength, shouting and hooting as they dodged among the ice floes with bare heads and hair streaming in the winds. This was kept up until we were about forty miles out from shore, when they became separated in their search for walrus. Here a stop was made to listen for the bark of the animals, which were heard about a mile ahead of us. One of the Indians exclaimed, 'Ah-mal-vak-tok,' (great many), and we paddled hastily forward until we were in sight of the walrus, which were lying on the floes in large numbers, as far as the eye could reach, barking and playing with their young. Here another stop was made, and everything gotten ready for the attack. Spears, guns and harpoons were placed where they could be seized instantly, and a large walrus-hide rope was stretched the whole length of the boat just inside the gunwale, to each end of which were attached large sealskin buoys.

"Kap-al-tuks were put on over their deer-skin coats, and every dark object carefully hidden from the view of the animals. After these preparations we paddled rapidly and noiselessly forward shooting the bow of the boat up on to the floe which had been selected with the largest number of walrus upon it. As they plunged off into the water each Indian hurled his spear into one of them, and fastened the line attached to its head to the rope connecting the buoys in the boat, which were immediately thrown overboard and the captured walrus allowed to plunge and snort around in the water. As they come to the surface they are killed by thrusting a long lance through the body, or shot in the head when they do not come close enough to be lanced. When all were killed they were towed to a large floe, hauled out, skinned and dressed.

"This is the work of but a moment, as those Esquimaux are well skilled in the use of the knife, and thoroughly understand the anatomy of those animals. One of them extracted the bullet from the brain of a large walrus which I had shot, and gave it to me as a remembrance of the hunt. After the operation of dressing, every part of the animal, except the gall, for which they have no use, was thrown into the boat, and we started for more, paddling and sailing around among the floes for nearly two days without success. A heavy fog settled down upon us, and we were lost for several hours, when it cleared away with a strong south wind, which rendered our position extremely critical, as

" 'The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around,
It crack'd and growl'd and roared and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound.'

'Our escape seemed almost miraculous, an opening happening to occur, through which we dodged until we reached open water, when we set sail and reached shore in safety after being three days out, with but very little to eat. Several boats have gone out in this manner and never returned.

"Never did men feel more rejoiced than did our party when a vessel sailed into anchorage in this port. Starvation, with all its attendant evils, fled with her approach."

Iron Curtains for Theatres.

Reference has been made of late to the schemes in London to provide for the safety of the audience in case of fire in a theatre. One writer says that the two plans which are needed are these:—The supply of a large quantity of water above the scenery, so that when the fire begins the water may be let out. Secondly, a large iron curtain, to be dropped in order that the fire may not pass from the rear to the front of the building till the audience can leave the house. These plans were tried in Boston as far back as 1798. In an address spoken by Mr. Hodgkinson and written by Robert Treat Paine, on the occasion of opening the Boston Theatre, rebuilt after the destruction by fire of the old house, we find the following:—

Now (heaven forbid) by hidden ways and means,
Should whelming fire again invest our scenes;
Lest on your heads the blazing roof should fall,
We'll spring the aqueduct and drown you all.
How wise men differ! Water, some would think,
Would wash away the stain of Taylor's ink.
But don't swoon, beaux, another mode we'll try
To save our lives and keep your ruffles dry.
From fire and water your escape is certain,
Your shield of safety is *Our Iron Curtain*.

After noticing the confusion usually consequent upon an alarm of fire upon the stage, the address continues:—

While each one scampers in the other's way,
Like fops' umbrellas on a rainy day;
But let no belle in sweet hysterics fall,
Our *Iron Curtain* will protect you all.

On the night on which the address was spoken, it is said that the Iron Curtain was let down by way of showing its excellence and also its possible use, but it was never used after, nor were the cisterns kept filled with water.

LARGE CHESTS IN HORSES.—Horses that are round, or "barrel-chested," are invariably more muscular and enduring than those of the opposite kind. Scientific sportsmen are, in a great measure, guided in their opinion of a horse's racing qualifications by his girth just behind his shoulders. By this test a well-known jockey told the reputation and prowess of the celebrated racer Plenipotentiary almost from the period of his birth. Cattle dealers and butchers, in like manner, judge by the chests and shoulders of cows and pigs what amount of fat they are likely to get in the process of feeding. All animals that have large lungs are remarkable for the vigor of their appetite, and for the facility with which they appropriate their nutriment. Such animals will feed upon the coarsest hay and straw, while their less fortunately constructed companions are fattened by no kind of food. An amusing anecdote is related of a simpleton, who, in trying to sell his horse, declared that "the animal's eating was a mere nothing." The intelligence would, contrary to intention, have sufficed to ruin the prospect of sale, but that the buyer, with a rare discrimination, inferred from the horse's chest that the capacity of his appetite had been unwittingly misstated. He bought him on the hazard of an opinion, and had no reason to repent his judgment.

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.—The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman of whom we knew something, felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes, on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way, he was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson used always in going up Bolt Court to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reiseg, the German critic, wrote his commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schybel lectures, at the age of seventy-two, extempore in Latin, with his snuff box constantly in his hand; without it he could not get on.

FRENCH BILLIARDS.

The French, or three ball carom game, in which the score consists simply of one for each carom, has become so popular of late that it is almost as often played as the American four-ball game. Although it may possibly elicit more skill to successfully play it, it is not so promotive of pleasure to the player or the spectator as the latter. As it is so frequently played, however, we suppose the publication of the rules will be appreciated by the CLIPPER readers of the billiard persuasion, so we here produce them:—

This game is played with three balls, two white and one red. The red is placed on the spot assigned to the deep-red in the American four-ball game. At the commencement of the game, one of the white balls is placed on the light-red or upper spot, connected with which is a described radius or semi-circle of six inches. The other white ball, being in hand, may be played from any part of this semi circle, which answers for what in the four-ball game is known as "the string." And whenever the cue-ball is in hand, the player has the right of so playing it. In France, where the game had its origin, there is no standard code of rules to govern it. In this country the following rules are observed:—Points are reckoned by caroms, which ordinarily count one point each. When more than one point is counted for a carom, it is customary to exact a forfeiture of one point for every miss.

1. The game is begun by stringing for the lead and choice of balls, as in the four-ball game, the same regulations governing. In "stringing" the players should endeavor to strike the cue-balls simultaneously; and he whose ball stops nearest the cushion at the head of the table, shall have the choice either of playing first, or of making his adversary do so—a privilege which thereafter shall belong to both players alternately.

2. Unless a special agreement be entered into between the players and the table-keeper, the game commonly consists of twenty-one points, if each carom counts one only; and of forty-five when each carom counts two, and misses are scored.

3. The first to play places his ball in any part of the semi-circle at his option. He then plays at the ball on the deep-red spot and has no right to hit the white first without having caused his ball to touch the cushion at some point outside of the "string."

4. Player No. 2, whose ball has been placed on the spot, plays in his turn. On a carom table, he has the right to play on either ball, even though both should be within the "string." On a pocket table, it is his privilege to have the red placed on its appropriate spot, or he may elect to play the balls as they are. Should he adopt the latter course in this instance, or at any other time he happens to be in hand on a pocket table, he must, before hitting either of the balls in the "string," cause his own to pass outside.

5. When a player is in hand on a carom table, and the other balls are within the "string," he may play directly upon either. But on a pocket table he can only play as described in Section 4. Furthermore, he must confine his ball to the semi-circle, and not let the lower half of his body pass beyond the right line which the edge of the side cushion would describe if prolonged.

6. The player must have at least one foot on the floor.

7. A ball exactly on the "string line" is considered within the string.

8. The carom is good, and the points count for the player, even though his ball should be lost, and he continues to play. [A ball is considered lost which goes into a pocket, jumps off the table, or remains on a cushion].

9. A pushing stroke subjects the player to the loss of the point or points he may have made by that stroke, and puts his ball out of hand.

10. A player who plays before all the balls have ceased rolling, loses his stroke and his hand is out.

11. When the cue-ball is in contact with one or more balls, all are taken up and placed as at the commencement of the game; and the player, being considered in hand, continues his play.

12. If the balls are disturbed accidentally, through the medium of any agency other than the player himself—as, for instance, through the interference of his opponent, or the marker, or other outside party—they must be replaced, and the player allowed to play.

13. If in playing, or after having played, the player disturbs any ball other than his own, he cannot make a counting stroke, but he may play for safety. But if he touches his own ball except with the cue, or if he touches it more than once with that instrument, the stroke is foul, and he cannot play for safety.

14. A player has no *right* to disturb the balls, and ought not to do it without the consent of his adversary.

15. When the cue-ball is very near another ball, the player ought not to play without warning his adversary that they do not touch, and giving him time to satisfy himself on that point.

16. Playing with the wrong ball is foul. The rules as to playing with the wrong ball in the four-ball game are applicable to the three-ball game.

17. Blowing on a ball, or using any other means to alter its course or position, is foul. If the player so offending is in play, he must yield the table to his adversary, should the latter demand it. In all cases the opposing player shall have the privilege of either having the ball or balls replaced, or played with as they are.

18. If a lost ball, in being put back on the table, disturbs another, the ball so disturbed must be put in its place again by the marker or referee, and the player whose turn it is to play shall proceed.

19. The red ball, being lost, and its spot being occupied, it shall be placed on the "string" spot; if this latter should happen to be occupied also, then the red shall be placed on the pool spot at the foot of the table. A white ball being lost, and its spot being occupied, shall be placed on the deep-red spot, or if that is occupied, on the pool spot provided that it is not the turn of the player whose ball is lost to play. In that case there is no occasion for spotting the lost ball.

20. On a carom table, a lost white ball that has been placed on the "string" spot cannot be moved after the opposing player has played a stroke while the ball was in this position. But on a pocket table, where the owner of a white ball that has been lost is compelled to play outside of the "string," he can, when his turn comes, play from any point within the semicircle, provided that his ball has not been struck by another. On a pocket table, it is held that a ball is in hand until it has been struck or moved from its position, it having been placed on the spot simply to afford the in-striker a chance to count. On the contrary, on a carom or pocketless table, custom has made the rule that a lost ball ceases to be in hand after one stroke has been played; and, in consideration of this ruling, the player, instead of being allowed to shift the position of his ball, is privileged, in this country, to play at any ball, irrespective of its being in or out of the "string," and regardless, also, of whether he stands at the head or at either side of the table.

[EXPLANATION.—The two rules last preceding may be further explained in this wise: Either on a pocket or a carom table, a ball that rolls on to and occupies the "string" spot, in the course of play, cannot be moved aside to permit the spotting of a white ball that has become "lost." The lost ball must be spotted on the dark red, or the pool spot, as directed in Rule 19, if its owner is not entitled to the next play, or within the semicircle if he is. But when, on a carom table, a white ball has been placed on the "string" spot by either player, instead of having rolled thereon, it may be moved aside to accommodate a "lost" white ball, provided that subsequent to the placing of the ball as mentioned *no stroke has been played*. In marked contrast with this, a white ball that has been placed on the "string" spot, *on a pocket table*, may be moved aside at any time in order to permit the spotting of a "lost" white ball, provided, always, that the first-mentioned ball has not been touched while occupying the spot.]

21. A player who abandons a game declares it lost by so doing.

Conquered at Last.

A soldier, whose regiment lay in a garrison town in England, was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had been often punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned; "every thing—flogging, disgrace, imprisonment—has been tried with him." Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said:—

"There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir."

"What is that?" was the answer.

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

"Forgiven!" exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected for a few moments, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge.

"Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only I am sorry for what I have done."

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the colonel addressed him saying:—

"Well, we have decided to forgive you!"

The soldier was struck dumb with astonishment; the tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust; he thanked his officer, and retired—to be the old refractory, incorrigible man? No; he was another man from that day forward. He who tells the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the queen's colors. In him kindness bent one whom harshness could not break: he was conquered by mercy, and, forgiven, ever afterwards feared to offend.

A STORY OF FELINE SAGACITY.—The following incident is reported in the Providence *Herald* as having occurred in the town of Bristol, Rhode Island:—"A large, well-fed and much-petted cat belonging to Mr. Bullock, of this town, saved the life of its owner, and the destruction of his house by fire, on Sunday night last. Mr. Bullock's residence is on the west side of High street, between State and Court streets. He is our 'oldest inhabitant'—his age being ninety-eight years. On the night mentioned he heated a brick on the kitchen stove, and, on retiring for the night, wrapped the brick in a cloth and placed it in the foot of his bed to keep his feet warm—as has long been his custom on cold nights. This done, the old gentleman 'turned in,' and was soon in the arms of Morpheus. The heat of the brick set fire to the bed-clothes, and the cat—the only inmate of the room—incredible as it may seem, jumped against the window, breaking a pane of glass, leaped out, went to the window of the room where some other members of the family slept, broke another square of glass, entered the room, awoke one of the occupants, and scratched and apparently attempted to bite the person who got up to remove the intruder from the room. On opening a door leading to the adjoining room the smoke was discovered, and on entering the department where Mr. Bullock slept, the bed-clothes were found to be on fire. The smoke had nearly suffocated the old gentleman, and a few minutes delay would have proved fatal to him, and doubtless have set fire to the dwelling. The cat, a great favorite, has been kept in the family of Mr. Bullock for upwards of twelve years, and the affection for this sagacious 'Tommy,' which was felt previous to his giving the alarm last Sunday night, has by no means diminished, as our readers may suppose.

CHEERFULNESS.—Cheerfulness, unaffected cheerfulness, is the thing that you must bring into company, if you wish to shine in conversation. Now we do not mean by this any of those outbreakings of loud mirth, nor what the world sometimes calls a "high flow of spirits," but a light and airy equanimity of temper, that never rises to boisterousness, nor sinks to dullness—that moves gracefully from grave to gay, from seriousness to serene, and by mere manner gives proof of a feeling heart and generous mind. The high and boisterous flow of spirits, so often praised by the superficial world, that keeps up during a party or visit, and then sinks down to absolute inanity, is, on the other hand, a sure sign of a coarse and vulgar nature. Let women look to this matter; for, though rarely coarse and vulgar in their own nature, they may suffer from the coarseness of others, and should, therefore, set their pretty faces against it, however much they may pretend that it is redeemed by the "dear fellow's" wild, rattling spirits.

CHRONOLOGY OF Important Sporting Events During 1867.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JANUARY.

1. Dog Dispute at Stickrod's Pit, Louisville, Ky., between Sweep, of Cincinnati, and the Barber's Dog, for $250, catch weight. The former won after fighting 45 minutes, his antagonist refusing to scratch.
2. Curling Match for the Royal Club Medal, annually sent over by the Royal Caledonian Club, of Scotland, between members of the Thistle Club, of New York, Mr. Henderson proving victorious.
2. Curling Match between the Paterson Club, of Paterson, N. J., and the Caledonians, of Gotham, at Haledon, N. J. The Caledonians won by a score of 83 to 86.
5. Skating Match at Oatman's Rink, New York, in which W. H. Bishop won a gold medal and silver skate, defeating J. C. Mead, G. Wilson and J. S. McClellan.
9. Double Shooting Match for $1,000, twenty-five double birds, 1⅛oz. shot, 100 yards bounds, and fifty single birds, 1⅛oz. shot, 80 yards, between John Taylor and Wm. Seeds, at Greenville, N. J. Taylor won the first by killing 44 to 43, and the second by a score of 45 to 44.
12. Fulton B. B. Club defeated the Eckford Club by a score of 32 to 26, Satellite Skating Park, Williamsburgh, L. I.
16. Sleighing Race, forty-two miles, for $1,000, between C. Branch's bl. m. Black Maria, and Wm. Annis' s. h. Canada Joe, from Providence, R. I., to Maynard's stables, Boston, Mass. The mare won in 3 hours and 45 minutes.
16. Empire B. B. Club defeated the Eagles, 15 to 13, Sylvan Lake, Hoboken, N. J.
17. Henry Motts accomplished the feat of standing 24 hours upon a pedestal with a surface of a trifle over one foot square, Pittsburgh, Pa.
21. Five Miles Running Match for $1,000 and a belt between W. E. Harding and John Rowan, Albany, N. Y., wherein the former won, making the distance in 23m. 11½secs. to Rowan's 24m. 22secs.
21. Third Billiard Tournament for the Championship of Pennsylvania, commenced at Philadelphia, and terminated February 22, with E. H. Nelms—who defeated all his opponents—the winner of the champion cue.
22. Cricket Match on the ice between the Manhattan and Satellite Clubs, Satellite Pond, Williamsburgh, L. I., the former winning by a score of 235 to 68.
25. Eckford vs. Fulton B. B. Clubs, return game, Satellite Pond, wherein the former won by a tally of 62 to 19.
29. Manhattan vs. Satellite Cricket Clubs, return match, Satellite Pond, the former again winning by a score of 239 to 87, with six wickets to fall.

30 and 31. Championship Skating Tournament for $400 and a gold medal, Central Park, Pittsburgh, Pa. E. T. Goodrich won, defeating W. H. Bishop, John Engler, John Miner and C. Curtis.

FEBRUARY.

18. Steam Tug Race, for $600, between the C. Y. Davenport and Hattie C. Lawson, from Pleasant Valley to the foot of West Tenth street, the Lawson breaking down at the foot of Fortieth street.
19. Billiard Match for the Championship of Connecticut, at Allyn Hall, Hartford, Ct., between M. Wollahan and Matt. H. Hewins, the latter winning. Score, 1,000 to 735. Innings, 140 each. Hewins' average, 7⅓; Wollahan's, 5¼. Highest runs—Hewins, 63; Wollahan, 31.
21. Sixth Match for the Billiard Championship of Massachusetts, $250 a side and the golden cue, at Bumstead Hall, Boston, Mass., 1,500 points, caroms, 2¾ inch balls, four-pocket table, between Wm. A. Tobin and E. Daniels. Score—Tobin, 1,502; Daniels, 1,440. Tobin's average, 10; Daniels', 9⅓. Number of innings, 150. Highest run 159, by Daniels.
23. Mile and a Half Handicap Foot Race, between McKinstry, Richards, Neary, Hughes, and Fleet, at the Royal Oak Park, Manchester, Eng. Fleet won by twelve yards, in 6 min. 50 sec., the best time on record, taking the cup and £25.

MARCH.

4. Champion Two Mile Foot Race, between Fleet and Richards, at the Hackney Wick Race Grounds, London, Eng., for £30. Fleet won by 100 yards, in 9 min. 53 sec.
15. Hiram Woodruff died of congestion of the lungs at his residence on Long Island, N. Y. Buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery.
18. Main of Cocks fought at Hurst's Log Tavern, near Albany, N. Y., between Frank Bray and Terry Storey; thirteen birds fell in weight on each side, $100 each battle and $1,000 the odd. Bray won nine battles and the main.

19 to 22. Grand Cocking Main, Virginia vs. North Carolina; 20 cocks fell in on each side, $200 each battle and $2,200 the main, draw, Coal Spring, Va.

25. Wm. Gray arrived in New York, in company with his brother Joseph and Thomas Watters, his backer, to play the first game of a home and home International Racket Match.

APRIL.

13. Oxford and Cambridge's annual eight-oared race took place on the Thames, and resulted in the success of the Oxonians, by half a length, in 22 min. 39 sec.
20. Norris Bell, right fielder of the Bachelor B. B. Club, fatally injured by being struck with a ball in the face, while playing a match with the Athletics, Philadelphia, Pa.

22 and 23. First game of the International Racket Match for £500 a side between William Gray, of Cambridge, Eng., and Frederick Foulkes, of New York, took place at the New York Club Court. The conditions specified that each match should consist of the best of seven games in each count of match, fifteen aces each game, the player scoring the most games to be the winner, and to receive the whole of the stakes. If the games were equal, the player scoring the greatest number of aces in the two games to be the winner. Gray won by a score of four games to three.

30. Four-handed Racket Match between Messrs. Foulkes and Devoe, champion and ex-champion of America, on one side, and William and Joseph Gray, the famous English players, at the New York Club Court. The Americans won four games and the match.

MAY.

2. Foot race, 100 yards, took place at Finlay's half mile track, Bloomingdale Road, New York, between Pewer Davis and John Toomas, for $500 a side. It resulted in a dead heat—time, ten seconds.
6. Sculling Match for the Championship of the Tyne, England, and £400, betweeen Harry Kelley and Robert Chambers, four miles and a quarter, wherein the former proved victorious by seventeen lengths, in 31 min. 49½ secs.
6. Champion Ten Mile Foot Race, for £50 and the cup, between J. Fleet and W. Lang, Hackney Wick Grounds, London, Eng.; the latter giving up on the seventh mile, owing to one of his spikes working its way into his foot.
10. Dennis Reedy, the well known steeple chase rider and trainer, died of enlargement of the liver, Secaucus, N. J.
10. Body of Louis Fox, the billiard player, who mysteriously disappeared some weeks previous, found in the Genesee river, at Charlotte, N. Y.
11. Germantown vs. Young America, Cricket Match, Philadelphia, Pa., the former winning by a score of 89 to 59.
16. Irvington B. B. Club, of Irvington, N. J., defeated the Eurekas, of Newark, N. J., at the latter place. Score, 25 to 17.
16. Pedestrian Congress at the Manilla Grounds, Aurelia, C. W. W. E. Harding, of New York, won the first event, two miles, for £25, in 8:59, defeating De Kelso, Rooney, Golden, Johnson, Munroe, Wilde and others. Ike Rooney won the 100 yards race in 11½ secs. Harding ran a dead heat with De Kelso for $200, two miles, making the first mile in 4:24 to De K.'s 4:24½; the second mile was made in in 4:24½. They ran over again, when Harding crossed the score two feet ahead, but the judges decided it a tie.
16. Dexter defeated the Goldsmith Mare, in a match for $3,000, at Middletown, N. Y., mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness. Time, 2:28½; 2:32; 2:28.
21. Championship Five Mile Sculling Match for $2,000, between James Hamill and Walter Brown, Monongahela, Lower Course, Pittsburgh, Pa. Claims of foul on both sides, and the referee decides in Brown's favor.

21 to 25. Second Annual Convention of the New York Sportsmen's Convention, held at Leroy. The first, second and third prizes were won respectively by Messrs. Augur, George Marsh and Stephen Roberts, of Buffalo.

22. John McDevitt, Champion of America, while playing the seventh of a series of money games with Michael Phelan, made a run of 888 without the aid of the jaw.
22. Epsom Derby won by Hermit.

23 to 25. American Jockey Club held their Spring Meeting at Jerome Park, near Fordham, N. Y. Ten races, won by Ruthless, Monday, Redwing, Fleetwing, Blackbird, Loadstone, br c by Lexington and De Courcy.

24, 25 and 29. Young America Cricket Club defeated the Germantown Club, by a score of 330 to 182.

25. Foot Race, for $2,000, one hundred yards, between Pewer Davis and George Adams, Bloomington, Ill. Davis won, after a sharp contest. Time given, *nine seconds*, which, if correct, is the best on record.
28. Great Trotting Match, for $2,000, between Dexter and Lady Thorn, at the Fashion Course, L. I., mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness. Dexter won, in 2:24 and 2:22, distancing the mare on the second heat.
29. Trotting Match, for $1,000, between Ethan Allen and Brown George, with running mates, at the Fashion Course, L. I., mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons. Ethan and mate won, in three straight heats. Time, 2:29; 2:21; 2:19.
29. Annual Parade of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, the Atalanta, Gulick, Waverley, Columbia and Alegon Clubs, of New York; the Atlantic, of Hoboken; Hudson, of Jersey City; Essex and Nereid, of Newark, N. J.; Mutual, of Albany, and Palisade, of Yonkers, taking part.
30. Irvington B. B. Club defeated the Actives, of Newark, N. J., on the Eureka Grounds; score, 25 to 16.

JUNE.

1. Base ball match for the Championship of New England, near Boston, Mass., between the Harvard Club, of Cambridge, and the Lowells, of Boston. Harvard won by a score of 39 to 28.

4 to 6. Fifth Annual Spring Meeting of the Passaic County Agricultural Association at Paterson, N. J. Eight races; Virgil, Monday, Citadel, ch. c. by Vandal, Delaware, Egotist, Blackbird and Dot, the winners.

4. Irvington vs. Union B. B. Club, of Morrisania, N. Y., on the grounds of the former, the I.'s winning by a score of 26 to 17.
6. Lecturer won the gold cup at Ascot, England.
7. Dexter won his second match with Lady Thorn, $1,000 a side, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons, at the Fashion Course, L. I. Time, 2:32; 2:24; 2:28.
10. Billiard Match for the Championship, $1,000 and the golden cue, caroms, 1,500 points up, 2⅜-inch balls, on a full-sized, four-pocket standard American table, between Joseph Dion, of Montreal, C. E., and John McDevitt, of New York, played at Mechanics' Hall, in the former city. Dion won by a score of 1,500 to 816. Innings—Dion, 76; McDevitt, 75. Averages—Dion, 19 56-76; McDevitt, 10 66-75. Best runs—Dion, 616; McDevitt, 220. Time of game, 2 hours 40 minutes.

10 and 11. Cricket Match, St. George vs. Philadelphia, at Camden, N. J., the latter winning by a score of 186 to 87.

10. Harvard College Regatta, on the Charles River, Boston, Mass., two six-oared races, three miles distance. The Juniors won the first in 21:55, and the Scientifics the second in 20:30.
10. Athletic B. B. Club left Philadelphia on a tour to Boston, Mass., defeating the Eons, of Portland, Me., the Harvards, of Cambridge, and the Lowells, of Boston, by scores of 88 to 23, 22 to 10, and 53 to 8 respectively.
11. Championship Jumping Match, for $2,000, between Robert Way and Norman P. Bartle, single jump, spirit level, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Way won, covering 1ft. 5⅜in.

11. Bruno and Brunette trotted a mile in double harness on the Fashion Course, L. I., in 2:25¼.
11. Trot for $7,500 between Blackstone Belle, in harness, and John Stewart, under saddle, three miles and repeat, Mystic Park, Boston, Mass. Belle won in two straight heats. Time—7:58¼; 7:56.
11. The Union B. B. Club defeated the Eurekas, 26 to 12, at Newark, N. J.
13. Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, from the anchorage off Owl's Head to the Southwest Spit and return. The schooner Palmer and sloop Evelyn were the winners.
14. Third Match between Dexter and Lady Thorn, for $1,000 a side, two miles and repeat, in harness, took place at the Fashion Course, L. I., Dexter winning in 4:51 and 5:01¼.
15. The Steamboat Robert E. Lee left Memphis, Tenn., for Cairo, Ill., making the trip in 16 hours and 43 minutes.
19. American Jockey Club Summer Meeting commenced at Jerome Park, Fordham, N. Y., continuing over the 20th and 22d. Twelve races, won by Luxemburg, Ruthless, Cleopatra, Virgil, Loadstone, De Courcey, Blackbird, Earring, Morrissey and Redwing.
19. Ten Mile Trot between Capt. McGowan and Lexington, at Washington Riding Park, South Providence, R. I. The latter won in 30:57¼.
20. Atlantic B. B Club, of Brooklyn, beat the Eckfords 27 to 14, on the Union Grounds, Williamsburgh, L. I.
21. Grand Trotting Match for $2,000 between Dexter, in harness, and Ethan Allen and running mate, mile heats, best 3 in 5, Fashion Course, L. I. Allen won in 2:15; 2:16 and 2:19; the most brilliant trotting performance on record.
29. Final trot between Dexter and Lady Thorn, $1,000 a side, two mile heats, to wagon, Fashion Course, L. I. Dexter won in 5:01; 5:09.

JULY.

1. Return Championship Racket Match between Wm. Gray and F. Faulkner, at the Ulster Racket Court, Belfast, Ireland. Gray won four games to two and the match.
4. Second trot between Ethan Allen with running mate and Dexter for $3,500, at Norristown, N. J., mile heats best 3 in 5. Allen and mate again won in three straight heats. Time, 2:20¼; 2:20¼; 2:20.
7. Exposition Regattas commenced on the Seine, between the bridges of St. Cloud and Sevrenes, continuing until the 12th inclusive. The St. John, N. B., crew won two races.
10. Trot between Dexter and Lady Thorn, gate money, mile heats best 3 in 5, in harness, Trenton, N. J. Dexter won in 2:34; 2:26¼; 2:20¼.
11. Pedestrian Congress at Chicago, Ill., where, in a race for $500, E. D. Davis is said to have ran 100 yards in 9¾ secs., defeating Adams and Cox. Bob Way also jumped the greatest distance, on the level, on record, viz., 12 feet 8¼ inches.
16. Base Ball Match, at the Union Grounds, Irvington vs. Eckford, the former victorious. Score, 44 to 13.
16. Dexter beat Brown George and running mate, in a trot for purse of $2,000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, at the Island Park Course, half way between Troy and Albany, N. Y. Time, 2:22; 2:20½; 2:20¼.
19. College and Citizen's Regatta at Lake Qunisigamond, Mass. Walter Brown pulled three miles against time in 23 minutes. John Mekiel won the single scull race, defeating Gil. Ward, J. Tyler, Jr., and S. Holredge. The Yale crew won the six-oared race, in 19:38¼; Harvard, 20:06. The Harvard six won the race for the champion flag, in 18:12¾; Yale, 19:25¼.
The Perseverance steam fire engine, of Lebanon, Pa., threw a stream of solid water a distance of 300¾ feet through a 1¼ inch nozzle, with a steam pressure of 163lbs.
Dexter beat Brown George and running mate for a purse of $5,000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, Dexter in harness, at Riverside Park, Boston, Mass. Time, 2:21¾; 2:19; 2:21¼—thus eclipsing the previous best time on record in harness.
30. Goodwood races commenced and continued until August 2d inclusive. Gomera won the Goodwood Stakes and Vauban the Cup.
31. Base ball match, Atlantic vs. Union, the latter victorious. Score 32 to 19.

AUGUST.

3. Race for Mile and a Half Champion Cup, at the Royal Oak Park Grounds, Manchester, Eng., McKinstry defeating Fleet and Sanderson. Time, 7 min. 2½ sec.
5. Base Ball Match, Atlantic vs. Irvington, the latter victorious, score, 34 to 32.
7. Saratoga Races commenced, continuing over the 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th and 13th, seventeen races; Ruthless, Fleetwing, Blackbird, Muggins, Virgil, br. c. by Lexington, ch. f. by imp. Eclipse; Beacon, Bonnie Doon, Jas. A. Connolly, Luther, Gen. Duke. Onward and Duke of Orleans the winners.
8. Base Ball Match for benefit of Masonic Asylum Fund, New York vs. Brooklyn, picked nines, New York victors by a score of 13 to 7.
12. Base Ball Match, Atlantic vs. Mutual, the former winning by a score of 18 to 15.
14. Dexter in a match against time at Buffalo—$2,000 being offered as a prize if he succeeded in eclipsing 2:19, his best previous harness time—trotted a mile in 2:17¼, the best time on record.
19. Base Ball Match, Athletic, of Philadelphia, vs. Union, of Morrisania, the former winning by a score of 23 to 10.
19. Championship Three Mile Race at Aurelia, C. W., for $2,000, wherein W. E. Harding defeated De Kelso, "the Wonder." Time given—Harding, 13 minutes; DeKelso, 13:19.
20. Base Ball Match, Athletic vs. Mutual, the former victorious by a score of 18 to 16.
21. Base Ball Match, Athletic vs. Eckford, the former winning by a total tally of 23 to 19.
28. Base Ball Match, Mutual vs. Athletic, the latter defeated. Score, 23 to 21.
20. The miniature ship John T. Ford wrecked in the English Channel.
31. Half Mile Foot Race, at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, Eng., for £150, between Jas. Nuttall and Jno. Fleet. Nuttall won by two yards, in 1 min. 55¾ sec., the quickest time ever performed.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Base Ball Match, for the Championship of New England, Lowell vs. Trimountain, of Boston, the former winning. Score, 20 to 16.
9. Championship Sculling Match, five miles, for $2,000 a side, on the Hudson, at Newburgh, N. Y., between James Hamill and Walter Brown. Hamill awarded the stakes, on account of being fouled by his opponent at the upper stake.
11. International Four-Oared Race at Springfield, Mass., six miles, between the Ward Brothers and St. John crew, for $1,000 a side and the Championship. The Americans won by 500 yards in 39:28.
12. National Regatta of the Hudson River Amateur Rowing Association, off the Elysian Fields. The Atalantas won the champion flag and barge race, the Atlantics the double scull, and Thos. Fearon the single scull race.
16. Championship Base Ball Match, Athletic vs. Atlantic. The latter won by scoring 28 to 16.
18. Base Ball Match, Mutual vs. Athletic, the former victorious. Score, 18 to 17.
23. Athletic vs. Atlantic, new championship series, the Philadelphians winning by a score of 28 to 8.
28. Base Ball Match for the New England Championship, Lowell vs. Trimountain, third of the series, the latter winning by a score of 42 to 22, thereby becoming champions.
30. Great Trot for $1,000 on the Fashion Course, L. I., mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, in which Lady Thorn defeated Mountain Boy, Bruno and Lucy, making the fastest four consecutive heats on record, viz., 2:25¼; 2:24½; 2:24; 2:24.

OCTOBER.

1. Keystone B. B. Club, of Philadelphia, visited New York, and during their stay defeated the Excelsiors, 20 to 15, the Atlantics, 21 to 18, and the Eckfords, 31 to 13.
1. Paterson, N. J., Fall Race Meeting commenced, and continued over the ensuing two days. Twelve races, won by Tarquin, Delaware, De Courcey, Clara Clarita, Zigzag, b. f. by Eclipse, Virgil, Onward, General Williams, Bonnie Scotland and Clement.
8. First Inter-State Regatta of the National Regatta Association inaugurated above the Troy Dam, on the Hudson, continuing until the 10th, inclusive. Twelve races.
8. Second October Meeting commenced at Newmarket, Eng., and concluded on the 11th. Julius won the Cæsarewitch and Longchamps won the Derby, Hermit second.
10. Grand base ball match for the Championship, Atlantic vs. Union, of Morrisania, wherein the Unions won, thereby securing the title. Score, 14 to 13.
11. Cricket match, Germantown vs. Young America, at Germantown, Pa., the former proving victors by a score of 145 to 144.
15. American Jockey Club Autumn Meeting commenced at Jerome Park, continuing over the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 26th.
21. Newmarket Houghton Meeting commenced. Lagrange won the Cambridgeshire on the 24th.
29. Ed. P. Weston started from the Preble House, Portland, Me., to walk to Chicago, Ills., in 26 days, for a wager of $10,000, three-fifths of which was to be forfeited in case he failed to accomplish 100 miles in 24 hours, being allowed five attempts. He failed to make the 100 miles, but reached Chicago on time, Nov. 28.
30. Five Mile Sculling Match on the Upper Monongahela Course, for $2,000, between Henry Coulter, of Manchester, Pa., and John Mekiel, of Cold Spring, N. Y. Coulter won in 41 minutes, 50 seconds.
31. Ten Mile Championship Cup Race at Hackney Wick Grounds, London, Eng., between Bill Lang and Joe Brighton, wherein the former was victorious in 56 minutes, 40 seconds.
31. Ten Mile Trot for $2,000, at the Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., between Capt. McGowan and John Stewart. The latter won in 29:29½.

NOVEMBER.

6. Base Ball Match, New York vs. New Jersey, picked nines, at Waverley, N. J., the former winning by a score of 24 to 23.
8. Twenty miles trotted by John Stewart, at Riverside Park, Mass., in 58:05¾, the quickest time on record.
11. Seth Wilbur Payne started from New York City to walk to California.
21. Billiard Match for the Championship of Connecticut, 1,000 points up, on a full-sized four pocket table, at Allyn Hall, Hartford, Ct., wherein M. H. Hewins defeated Ralph Benjamin by a score of 1,000 to 926. Innings, 135. Averages—Hewins 7¼, Benjamin 6¾. Time of game, 5 hours.
27. Championship Sculling Match, for £600, between Harry Kelley and Joseph Sadler, on the Thames. A foul occurred, and they were ordered to row over on the 28th, when Sadler, after several fruitless attempts to get off, pulled away from the starting point, and Kelley pulled over the course alone, and was awarded the stakes.

DECEMBER

4. Billiard Match for the Championship of Illinois and $200, in Chicago, between H. Rhines and M. Honahan, the former winning by a score of 1,500 to 1,274.
9. Champion Three Mile Foot Race at Aurelia, C. W., for $4,000, between W. E. Harding and De Kelso, the former again winning. Time given—1st mile, Harding, 4:19¾; De Kelso, 4:20½. 2d mile—H., 4:23½; De K., 4:24. 3d mile—H., 4:26½; De K., 4:29.
11. Billiard Match for the Championship of America, 1,500 points up, caroms, on a full sized four pocket Standard American table, at Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, C. E., between John McDevitt, of New York, and Joseph Dion, of Canada. McDevitt won, scoring 1,500 to Dion's 1,488. Averages—McD., 13¼; D., 131-6. Best runs—McD.. 181, 152, 128 and 113; D., 290, 157 and 110.

ART-ILL ERY.—A little boy not five years old, while writhing under the tortures of the ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder, powder!" said he, rising upon his elbow, and putting on a roguish smile; "mother, I ain't a gun!"

SPORTS ABROAD.

A GOOD P. R. CONTEST.

A prize fight at catch weight for £20 a side took place on Dec. 17th, 1867, about forty miles from London, Eng. At the posting of the final deposit, the representatives of the men tossed for choice of place and time of starting. This was won by the representative of Dackham, and it was agreed that he should make the same known to Gollagher by seven o'clock the evening before fighting. It was, however, nearly eight before the whereabouts reached Jemmy, and the delay in sending the message caused fears to be entertained that something was wrong, and that another disappointment was in store. The start was fixed as early as six o'clock from a railway terminus from which the heroes of many a well contested battle have been conveyed to the scene of action. After a journey of an hour and a half the appointed station was reached, and when a dirty lane and a field or two had been traversed, Fred Oliver and Puggy found a convenient spot, and the ring was soon formed, which the men entered at twenty minutes to eight o'clock, and tossed for choice of corners. This toss Dackham won also. Dackham is twenty-nine years of age, stands 5ft. 9in., and weighed on this occasion about 10st 4lb. He has appeared twice before in the ropes and stakes, his antagonists being Rymer and Webb, and on each occasion has proved victorious. Robert Blandford is twenty-seven years old, stands 5ft. 10in., and weighed about 11st. He first appeared as a pedestrian, and ran several matches with a fair amount of success, but in a rough turn-up or two he showed some good qualifications for boxing, and he was induced to try his luck in the P. R. Like his antagonist, he has appeared twice before the public, and also, like him, has each time been the victor, having beaten Bogey Gee and Kitchen. He had for his colors a blue and scarlet checked handkerchief. The attendants of the men lost no time in getting them ready, and the stakeholder having appointed the referee, at eight minutes past eight o'clock they stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On stripping it was apparent that Dackham was in much better condition than Blandford, who, although looking well and strong, was too fleshy. On getting into attitude Blandford stood rather over his man, and had a slight advantage in length of reach. They commenced to spar very cautiously for an opening, each in his turn feinting to draw his adversary, and again retreating; in this breaking ground Blandford proved himself much the quicker on his legs, and several times got nimbly out of reach. At length Blandford seeing a chance sent his left straight as an arrow to the mark, and getting home with full force, made Dick wince. Again they sparred until getting within reach, Dackham landed his left on the ribs, and was countered on the cheek; not liking this, he got to close quarters and planted his right heavily on Dackham's chest. They broke away, and each tried his left at the body, but were out of distance, both fighting wildly and without effect. Dackham got his left on the mouth, Blandford returning on the jaw; good counters ensued, Blandford on the right cheek, Dackham on the side of the neck; this brought them to close quarters, and a lively rally followed, until Dackham slipped down; he jumped up to renew the round, but his seconds interposed and took him to his corner. Time, 6 min.

2. On coming up both were flushed. They soon got to work, Dackham at once letting go his right at the ribs. They then countered, Blandford on the right cheek, Dackham on the chin, a smasher; Blandford then tried his left at the head, but was neatly stopped, so was Dackham in an attempt to reach his adversary's body. They broke ground, and on again getting close, Dackham got both left and right on each side of the head; Blandford not relishing this, closed, and back-heeled his man, falling on him. Time, 11 min.

3. Both came up eagerly to the call of time, and after a short spar, Blandford sent in his left, a spanker on the right eye, making a gash on the eyebrow, from which the blood gushed freely (thus deciding the first event). He then followed Dackham to the ropes, and some fine in-fighting took place, until Blandford slipped down, but quick as thought he was up again and renewed the round (which was one of the best of the fight) neither standing for any repairs, but punching away manfully, Blandford principally at the head, while Dackham paid some severe visitations to the ribs and chest. At this point Blandford again slipped down, but instantly jumped up, and some more punishing work took place until they grappled, when Blandford forced Dackham down. Time, 13 minutes.

4. On time being called, Dackham was first at the scratch. Blandford's condition told against him even at this early part of the contest, although he showed no marks of punishment except on his left side, chest and neck, whilst Dackham had a mouse under his left eye, and his right eye was bleeding freely. Blandford was the first to open the ball, by visiting the sore spot with his left, and Dackham staggered down, but at once got up, when Blandford, steadying himself, planted a stinging hit on the nose, knocking Dackham clean off his legs. First knock-down blow for Blandford.

5. Dackham came up bleeding from the nose and eyebrow, Blandford with scarcely a mark. Dackham tried his left at the body twice, but was short, Blandford springing nimbly back each time. Each then hit out, but, missing their marks, both slipped down. Time, 17 min.

6. Blandford was now puffing like a grampus. He tried his left at the face, but was short He got his right, however, heavily on the ribs, and, after stepping back, repeated the dose, Dackham being short with the return. They both sparred for wind, and, on getting to distance, some heavy exchanges in favor of Blandford took place. Dackham slipped down from the force of his own blow, but, jumping up, delivered left and right on Blandford's chest. This brought them to a close, and after a short but sharp struggle for the fall, both were down in the middle of the ring. Time, 23 min.

7. Both slow to the call of "Time," but on facing each other they at once went to work, Dackham visiting Blandford's sore chest, while Blandford returned on the left cheek. The latter then got on the left eye, enlarging the mouse, upon which Dackham went to close quarters, and some good half arm fighting at the body was ended by Dackham slipping down at the ropes. Time, 25 min.

8. On coming together they countered, Blandford on the left eye, Dackham on the ribs. Blandford again got on the old spot, and Dackham slipped down. On his getting up to renew the round they each delivered heavy shots with the left on the body, and on Blandford again reaching the left eye, Dackdam went down.

9. Blandford, finding he could plant on his man, went to him and sent his left flush on the mouth. Dackham returning slightly on the chest. Blandford then got in a fine one with his left on the bad eye (which was now all but closed), and, stepping back, measured his man, and sent him clean down with a flush hit on the nose. Time, 30 min.

10. When they were delivered at the scratch, they rushed to a close, and Blandford, who was much the better wrestler, cross-buttocked Dackham, and fell heavily on him.

11. Dackham, game as a pebble, tried his best to turn the tide. He dashed out his left at the body, but hitting short, was countered heavily on the nose and left eye, and got down weak.

12. Dackham rushed to his man, but Blandford sent his left on the nose and his right on the eye, and the former went down.

13. Dackham's left eye was quite closed, and he was getting slow, while Blandford seemed to have recovered his second wind. The latter dashed out his left on the eye, closed, and cross-buttocked Dackham, who, in falling, twisted his right leg under him, and fractured the knee-cap. This was at once perceived and the sponge thrown up after the fight had lasted 36 minutes.

REMARKS.

From the commencement Blandford took a decided lead, and the fight appeared a certainty for him, even had the accident not happened to Dackham. Blandford, however, was much out of condition, and at one time the heavy punishment he had received on the ribs, chest and neck, seemed to jeopardise his chance, but from the judicious treatment of his seconds he came round, and then the fight was a matter of time only. Of poor Dackham it can only be said that a gamer bit of stuff never entered a ring, but he was clearly overmatched and outfought at all points. A hurdle was procured, upon which he was conveyed to the station, brought to London, and taken to Guy's Hospital, where he received every attention.

GOOD FIGHT FOR A TENNER.

"Fiddler" Neary and Pat Carney, a brace of Birmingham, Eng., pugilists, met on the 20th ult., and after a most determined set-to, the blues placed an embargo upon the proceedings. Carney has just attained his majority, stands 5ft. 5¼in., and would scale on the present occasion about 9st. 4lb. "Fiddler" Neary comes of a good fighting stock, is a year older and an inch taller than his opponent, and obtained his *sobriquet* from generalship displayed with the gloves. The start was early, and the rendezvous a favorite one in the district of Warwick, where a ring was formed, and at eight o'clock Neary threw in his cap, his opponent almost immediately following suit. At ten minutes past eight they faced each other, even money being laid on the result. Neary, who stood well over his man, and scaled about 10st., was in better plight of the twain, Carney having a tendency to fat about the jowl.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. After some slight sparring, in which Neary appeared to advantage, they got together, and some sharp in-fighting, with little damage done, resulted in both "grassing" in a tight embrace, Carney undermost.

2. Neary took a slight lead, and showed improved form, being quicker than friend Pat, who, however, opposed with the utmost resolution and pluck. Both peppered away at the frontispiece, and, closing, rolled over, Carney being undermost.

3. Both flushed and eager. Neary got home on the right temple and mouth, Pat returning on the nose, when they closed, and Neary had the best of the fall.

4. Neary got well home on the right eye, which puffed at once. Carney countering sharply on the mouth. Some rare punching followed to a close, both rolling over.

5. Some telling shots were put in on the dial, Neary drawing the first instalment of the ruby by a straight delivery on the nose. Pat being riled, bored in, and shots were exchanged very rapidly, both rolling over from their exertions.

6. Carney put in a rib-roaster and got cleverly back from the return; his opponent, however, not relishing this mode of procedure, bored Pat down at the ropes.

7. Both showed considerably flushed, Carney, after a couple of harmless exchanges, landing a stinger on the jaw, and flooring the "Fiddler." (First knock-down for Carney, thus balancing events.)

8 and 9. Good telling shots on the dial, both down, Carney under.

10. After a long struggle at the ropes, Pat threw his man cleverly.

11 and 12. Both showed unmistakable signs of having been "through the mill." Carney's left eye visibly contracting, his lip cut and sundry other bruises, while Neary had his left eye very "queer."

13. A long struggle at the ropes resulted in both falling over, from the centre stake giving. An appeal of foul against Carney for not loosing his opponent when on the ground was disallowed.

14 to 16. Neary had now a decided call in the betting, 6 to 4 finding no takers. Both fell to punching in thorough give and take style, Carney undermost in the finish of each round.

17. Carney came up weak, and after a few exchanges, in which he was compelled to act on the defensive, he got down to avoid.

18 to 22 and last. Neary was gradually but surely working his way on to victory, getting all over Pat's frontispiece, while the latter replied with genuine gameness, but lacked the power to punish in the same degree, and when they had contended twenty-two rounds in 30 min. 27 sec., the police came up and disturbed the combatants, and a return home was necessitated, with a view to bring the affair to an issue. Neary was subsequently apprehended and bound over, a draw being, consequently, the most likely termination of this stirring Irish fight.

FISHER AND MARS, FOR £10 A SIDE.

These well known members of the prize ring in Bristol, Eng., met in that district on the 17th ult., to fight at catch weight, for £10 a side. Jemmy Mars is only 5ft. 5in., and fights at 7st 8lb., and "Larry" Fisher stands 5ft. 7in., and his fighting weight is 8st 2lb. The latter has won a couple of victories (Baker, of Bristol, and Yellow, from Brum), and had two or three draws. Jemmy Mars has been matched four or five times, and always came off with a "draw." Nailsea, about ten miles down the Bristol and Exeter line, was reached at a quarter past seven o'clock. The coast was still clear, and after a move down the line, a short distance from the place of debarkation the ring was pitched without much loss of time. Mars' condition seemed a trifle the better of the two. They soon got to work in clipping style, both rushing in and pegging away manfully, Fisher with that round half-arm movement with which he licked the Brum in the short time of 16 minutes, and Mars with a little more science in his business. The latter evidently was the stronger, and he soon threw Fisher, who met with a misfortune in the early part of the fight, and smashed the thumb of his right hand against a stake. This deprived him of much of the anxiety which he always shows to rush in and pound away at close quarters. Taking advantage of this in the fourth round, Jemmy Mars let go the right a telling blow on the left side of the jaw, just below the ear, drawing the claret and no mistake. Fisher evidently did not relish it, and he closed for a fierce struggle at the ropes, where he went to grass. In the next four rounds Larry, considerably riled, pushed the business in his old style, and his right arm was soon busy enough at in-fighting, but Jemmy, with more coolness and skill, paid well for every blow he received, and delivered his investments with much more effect. In round 6 he visited the left peeper a regular smashing blow and only got a slight one in the return Larry continued his rushes to close quarters, but only got some rattling rib-roasters for his pains, and the betting was now 6 to 4 on little Mars. In the twelfth round Larry became more cautious. He was certainly a little distressed, and only came within distance to get away again as his antagonist tried one now and then. The rest of the business was anything but lively, and it went on for a couple of hours, during which Mars only got a few slight visitations on the frontispiece, whilst Larry, in addition to getting thrown sundry times, receiving some damaging body blows, had the wound beneath the ear re-opened and received one or two blows in the eyes. There was only one redeeming round in the whole of the remainder (thirty in all.) About the twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth Larry received a smashing blow below the left ear, and the hitting throughout the bout was fierce enough, Larry's blows, however, not possessing the steam of those of Mars. Fisher had just countered on the cheek in the thirtieth meeting when four or five policemen showed. There was a helter-skelter retreat, the police collaring the ropes and stakes. The principals and their friends, numbering about fifty, were pursued for nearly three miles, but they ultimately threw the Bobbies off the scent, and the men having sought shelter for a couple of hours, got back to Bristol without being captured. The mill lasted two hours, and Larry certainly got off "second best," his left eye and ear showing decided marks of his opponent's visitations. At night the men met at the house of the referee, and after a discussion Larry offered Jemmy a small *douceur* to cry off, and Mars accepting the affair was settled at once.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

E. H. C., Washington.—Thank you for the list of valuable Chess works.

THEO. M. BROWN.—Received with many thanks, as always.

J. W., Boston.—We have named the books you have for sale to C. C. B.

L' Enfant Perdu.

THE author of this unique stratagem, so fertile in ideas, cometh into court and pleadeth the cause of his bantling in the following vigorous fashion:

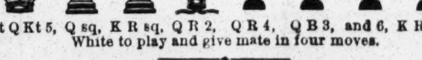
"*Dear Sir:* As paternal ancestor of 'The Lost Babe' I feel constrained to enter a mild protest against the attempt of 'G. E. C.,' and others, to demolish my family. Much to my surprise, you, a known 'stickler' for strict adherence to *laws*, support him. I would inquire, whence do we derive all our rules regulating our game? Certainly from those revised and adopted by the British Chess meetings. Has a Chess Law ever originated in this country? Assuredly not. Has it ever been our privilege to adopt such laws as we choose, and reject the rest? Can any player say—I will govern my play by such laws as I please, and any which do not please me I will dispute? No! The rules governing the disposition of a Pawn on reaching the royal rank have undergone continual modifications, which have been accepted by the Chess world. Why does not Mr. C. say that my P must become a piece corresponding to the file it went in on, as was formerly the law? What is the object in pushing a P to the eighth square? Clearly that to the player so doing may accrue the utmost advantage therefrom. Then if I can draw a game, otherwise lost, by leaving my P a P, ought I not to have the privilege of so doing? Must I be compelled to take a Q, or other piece, and lose a game otherwise a draw? This view of the matter was called to the attention of the last B. C. A., and as its aim has always been so to make laws as to bring the game as near perfection as possible, a new law, after a long discussion, was adopted and incorporated into the Chess rules that, any player may leave a P a P at his option. How are we to evade this rule? It won't do to say that it is comparatively unknown here, for there are dozens of laws as unknown. I played recently with an amateur who refused to allow me to capture a P *en passant*, because *he* had never heard of such a law. Does it follow, therefore, that he, after being informed of such a law, could again claim such play? We have always used Staunton's book for our guide and authority, and it is only from palpable motives of interest that a person pretending to be a chess player can say to the chess world—don't mind such or such such a law, because I didn't know it; and don't like it, because—. No, no! Mr. Kind Sir, you must either come down and say to players, play as suits you best; and if your opponent claims that you can't castle, capture a P *en pass*, or castle on Q's side when giving Q R in odds, etc., tell him you don't go by any laws, they don't suit your particular case; or else you must uphold all laws as we receive them from the highest authority known to the chess world. Whether this position is sent to the adjudicating committee, or not, is a matter of indifference to me personally—that don't alter the principle. The law stands a law, and we must be governed by it; and some one must present it in shape to our chess players, that they may know it. After that they can not evade it. But I have written already too much, I fear for your limits, and so conclude. Truly yours, FATHER OF THE 'BABE.'"

Enigma No. 606.

Third Prize Problem.—"Shower of Stars."

BY HERR KLING.

at Q Kt sq, Q R sq, K sq, Q 3, K R 2, Q B 2d.



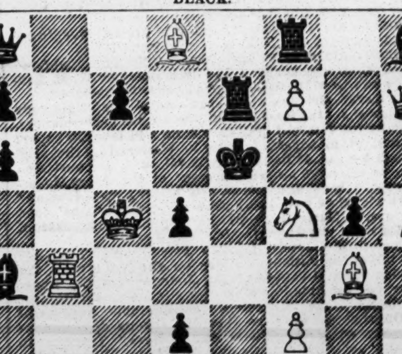
at Q Kt 5, Q sq, K R sq, Q R 2, Q R 4, Q B 3, and 6, K R 6th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 606.--Tourney No. 14.

"ORA PRO NOBIS."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White compels suimate in six moves.

Game No. 606.

We have the pleasure of presenting two more of the games in Mr. Paulsen's great "blindfold" feat at Cologne.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Attack, L. Paulsen.	Defence, Herr Freyhold.	Attack, L. Paulsen.	Defence, Herr Freyhold.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q B to K 3	P to Q B 3
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	14..Castles	K Kt-B 3
3..P-Q 4	P-K B 4	15..Q-K R 4	Q Kt-Q 2
4..Q P × P	B P × P	16..K B-B 4	P-Q R 3
5..K Kt-his 5	P-Q 4	17..Q B-Kt 5	Q B × B
6..P-K 6	K B-B 4	18..Q × Q B	Castles, Q R
7..Kt × K P	Q P × Kt	19..K R-K sq	Q-K Kt 2
8..Q-K R 5 +	P-K Kt 3	20..Q R-Q 6	K Kt-K sq
9..Q × K B	B × K P	21..R × B P +	Kt P × R
10..Kt-Q B 3	Q Kt-Q 2	22..Q × R P +	K-Q Kt sq
11..Q-her Kt 4	Q Kt-his 3	23..B × Q B, and the Defence resigned.	
12..Q × K P	Q-K 2		

With Herr C Lehmann.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

L. Paulsen.	Lehmann.	L. Paulsen.	Lehmann.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q to K R 5	K B to Q 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..P-K B 4	K P × P
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	13..Q B-Kt 2	Q B-Kt 5
4..P-Q B 3	Q 2d P × P	14..Q-K R 4	K B-K 2
5..K B-B 4	Q-K 2	15..Q Kt × B	K Kt × Kt
6..Q Kt × P	P-Q 3	16..K B × B P +	K × K B
7..Castles	Q B-K 3	17..K R × P +	K-home
8..Q Kt-Q 5	Q-her 2	18..K R × B	K R-Kt sq
9..P-Q Kt 4	Q Kt-K 4	19..Q R-K B sq, and the Defence abandoned the game.	
10..K Kt × Kt	Q P × Kt		

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CHEQUERS.

Game No. 33.---Vol. XV.

THE BROOKLYN.

Black. U. N.	White. Mr. L.	Black. U. N.	White. Mr. L.
1..10 to 14	23 to 19	7..18 to 23	14 to 10
2..11 16	19 15	8..11 18	24 15
3..16 19	22 17	9..16 19	31 27 (a)
4..14 18	17 14	10..19 24	26 19 (b)
5..12 16	24 20	11..24 31	28 24
6..7 11	27 24	12..2 7, and wins.	

(a) This move loses the game. (b) 28 to 19 leads to a like result.

Solution of Position No. 63.--Vol. XV.

BY M. T.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..26 to 31	27 to 18	3..31 to 8, and wins.	
2..19 23	12 26		

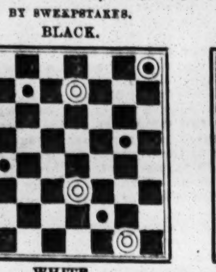
Solution of Position No. 64.--Vol. XV.

BY THE EDITOR D. D.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..18 to 23	12 to 3	4..29 to 25	13 to 6
2..22 26	31 22	5..25 9, and wins.	
3..5 9	24 31		

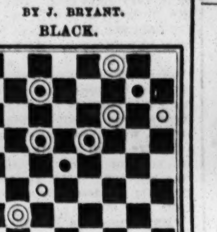
Position No. 65, Vol. XV. Position No. 66, Vol. XV.

BY SWEEPSTAKES. BLACK.



WHITE. Black to move and win.

BY J. BRYANT. BLACK.



WHITE. Black to move and win.

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Jan. 6, '68.

WASN'T NEW YEAR'S DAY rough, though? Dear knows, a body must have been bad off for victuals and drink to start out to make calls *that* morning. Sakes alive, how it snew! There was no satisfaction in anything. It seemed like mockery to wish people a happy new year on such a day. Fancy a party of callers, fresh from the mud and slush of the streets, entering a lady's parlor, slashing around among the good furniture like so many scavengers, and passing the "compliments of the season." Luscious time for interchange of courtesies, truly. And how very uncheerful it made the women folks. Some of them swore—yes, actually swore; for you must know that the gentler sex are learning to swear as well as to drink; but that's between ourselves. Far be it from our purpose to detract from the merits of lovely woman. Oh, woman, woman, man's best and *dearest* friend, thou art *multum in parvo*, and *e pluribus unum*. When Adam was left an orphan at a very early age in the Garden of Eden, who was it beguiled him with her blandishments, and directed him where to get cheap clothing? Who was it that pillowed his orphan head on her virgin bosom, and gave him the nicest pippin apples the garden afforded? 'Twas woman! Oh, woman——......We borrowed a very elegant suit of new black clothes for New Year's day, intending to *make* calls. Owing to "indisposition," however, we remained at home, and *received* them. We like New Year's day, when the sky is clear, and the streets are likewise. Yes, New Year's is a hunky institution, and we have to tender our grateful acknowledgments to Hen Hudson, Pete Stuyvesant, and all those old sports who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century, for making calls on *their* New Year's day, and handing the custom down to us. Notwithstanding the untowardness of the weather, the calls made upon us numbered many. We were visited by all classes, conditions, and complexions, but we had prepared neat little speeches to make at one and all, and we directed well-meaning verses of a poetic character at those who braved the storm, and sought us out in our retirement and new clothes. Actors, circus men, minstrels, sports, in fact everybody of note came out on that dismal day expressly to wish us a happy New Year and take a drink. As the *players* entered and filed themselves in front of the groaning table, we said:—

Welcome, genial players all. Although you are compelled to do a little *spouting*, occasionally, we know you seldom keep the *pledge*:—

Good actor friends, a happy year;
May *gags* and *points* all tell;
Tis not for *play* or *show*, we trust,
That you do *act* so well.
Help yourselves, gentlemen, you have the cue.

When base ballers entered, we welcomed them to the *home plate* with these *striking* remarks:—

Friends, we feel honored by this call. It must have been more than common friendship that *caught you out* on such a day as this. We trust, therefore, that you will make something more than a *short stop* and not be in your usual haste to make a *home run*; the ladies join in giving you a welcome; should any one of them play you foul, *catch her* and *pitch her* to the *first base* man you come across; but don't *strike her*. No, friends, never strike a woman, for a man who would beat a woman save in kindness is beyond the pale of civilized society:—

Then, welcome, to our social feast,
Ye ballers, so benign;
And may you ne'er be *given out*
By unfair act of thine.

When our *boating* confreres confronted us we were prepared for them, as follows:—

Boatmen ahoy:—It is your purpose, no doubt, to take many a *long pull* to-day, but as you possess well-tried *sculls*, there is no fear of your doing any mischief but *fowling* yourselves:—

May luck attend you all the year—
We cannot well say more—
And may you at the outcome say
A well-spent life is *oar*.
Sail in, spruce gentlemen.

To our *circus* friends, who tumble about for our amusement, we spoke as thus:—

Tumble up, gentlemen, for we know that you intend to tackle many a *tumbler* to-day, although it may not be at the *bar*, leastwise not at a *horizontal bar*; may you pursue an upright course to-day, and all the year; your devotion to the *trapeze* or *trap* is commendable, for it indicates a love for courage and manliness:—

Good circus friends, we wish you well;
May all to you be just—
May you in *rings* some money see,
So you'll say you *saw dust*.
Grease your joints, gentlemen.

To our genial *billiard* companions we had a good word to say, as you will testify after perusing the annexed well-timed remarks:—

Billiardists, permit us to make a *point* of wishing you a happy new year. As you never shun a good action, join us in our little *game*, and *kiss* the ladies. We have given you the *cue*, so take the *lead*:—

Knights of the field of cloth of green
May you this day find a *match*—
And though she may not have much *jaw*,
May she bring you to the *scratch*.
Play all around the table, gentlemen.

Members of the *minstrel* persuasion were met with a bland smile and our suit of sable. To them we uttered words of kind import:—

Gentlemen, as you have *uncorked* yourselves, for "this occasion only," perhaps you will not refuse to assist us in *uncorking* likewise. On the *ends* you will find some sparkling *pints*; in the *middle*, some unquestionable old port, or you can sherry your nibs with a little Bourbon out of our "black joker."

Fill high the sparkling brimmer, boys,
All care and danger scorning:
May you always shine as *evening stars*,
But never once as *mourning*.

Our *manly, artistic* friends *shed* their *castors* before *our* castors and went in *ding dong* for a *belly full*; and though there was plenty of *fowl* things observable, *they* said all was *fair*. So then we said:—

The world may call you *bruisers*, because you *brew, sirs*, many muses; but Congress has no better men, in a *fighting* point of view, than you, sirs. The members of the *P. R.*, it P. R. to us, will give and take many a *punch* to-day as [illegible]ing the New Year in. Use your *mauleys*, gentlemen, and go in.

Bold men of muscle may you all
Of "good things" get your *fill*;
May everything that you attempt
Bring grist unto your *mill*.
Time, gentlemen, time.

To callers of a promiscuous turn of mind we had many kind and endurable words to say, each remark being ornamented with some funny little joke, satirical squib, or deleterious dissertation, winding up as annexed:—

Right welcome friends, we greet your visit here,
On this the opening of another year;
May peace and plenty be your lot through life,
Supported by a charming New Year's wife.

These little speeches and poems met with great success, the house ringing with the echoes of enthusiastic applause. They were repeated from time to time, as new callers appeared, and it was not until three o'clock next morning that we were permitted to make our last speech and recite our concluding verse. The reader will observe that we have italicised every word wherein a joke is supposed to lurk. We make this explanation in justice to the reader, who otherwise might lose much valuable time in ineffectual efforts to discover the hidden beauties of our New Year's lay.

THE THEATRES are not doing a very lively business just now, but one or two of them having more than half a house at any time. Niblo's closed on the 4th, to prepare for the production of a new spectacle. The attendance was quite small during the last nights of the "Black Crook;" the Broadway is doing scarcely anything; the Olympic has fair, but not large audiences; Barnum got along fairly during the holidays through the assistance of our country cousins; Wallack's has done but moderately—the manager will make an effort to improve matters by appearing himself shortly; in fact, none of the theatres can boast of prosperous times.

CHARLES DICKENS brings his readings in this city to a close on the 10th inst. He goes next to Philadelphia, where he will find dollars less plentiful than in New York.

THE FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE has not been leased to Mr. Florence, as reported. He was negotiating for it, but William and the landlord couldn't come to terms, and the thing fell through.

RISTORI is trying another season at the French Theatre, "prior to her departure for Havana" again. Isn't it possible that we have had sufficient of Ristori? It looks so at the theatre.

THE RICHINGS TROUPE commenced a season of English opera at the Academy of Music, in this city, on Dec. 30th, opening in "Crown Diamonds," which was a very poor selection for an initial performance. This troupe made its greatest success during its former visits to this city in "Martha" and "Bohemian Girl," and had either one of these been presented for the opening opera the attendance would have been much larger and a more favorable impression made with the public. It is a great mistake for managers or stars to open in any city as is generally the case with their weakest attraction, thinking that the opening will be good any how, and save the most attractive piece for a farewell benefit and last appearance. As it was the Richings troupe produced "Crown Diamonds" to a moderately filled house, and when "Martha" was sung on the second night there was a great improvement in the appearance of the house. "The Lily of Killarney" was given on Jan. 1st and 2d, "Maritana" on 3d, "Cinderella" for the *matinee* on the 4th, and "Bohemian Girl" in the evening. "Crown Diamonds" became popular in this country by the excellent rendition of the *role* of Catarina by Mad. Anna Thillon about sixteen years ago. It is in three acts and is one of Auber's best productions. It was not only very cleverly sung by the company, but the magnificent manner in which it was dressed was the remark of all. The dresses in the court scene were purchased in Paris expressly for this company, and were not only handsome but appropriate. The several leading artists were in excellent voice and Miss Richings was very warmly received in the *role* of Catarina; her delightful vocalization appeared to please every one present. Mr. Castle looked and acted Don Henrique to the satisfaction of all He received the first *encore*, his singing of "Oh, Whisper What Thou Feelest" being loudly applauded. S. C. Campbell's make up and singing of Rebolledo was a feature of the performance. Mrs. E. Seguin is a great favorite with the New York public, and received a cordial greeting. Her singing of "When doubt the tortured frame," etc., was excellent, and deservedly *encored*. Mr. Peakes was good as the Minister, and the rest of the cast was good. The chorus did not appear to be in very good trim, and was not strong enough to overcome the orchestral music, which was very loud. "Martha" was capitally rendered on the 1st inst., and it was a most enjoyable treat to witness it. Miss Richings and Mrs. Seguin were seen and heard to their best advantage, and a delightful and enthusiastic audience was in attendance. Miss Richings made a great mistake in appearing at the Academy of Music. In the first place it is entirely too large for English opera, because when the house is about two-thirds full the voices of the different artists, when heard at all, are heard to a great disadvantage. In a theatre about half its size, as at the Olympic, the troupe had an excellent opportunity to show themselves to the best advantage, and everything appeared to go off smoothly, while at the barn-like Academy there appears to be a graveyard appearance about the house.

ARRIVED.—Jake Wallace, A. J. Talbott and Emma Miles arrived by the last steamer from California.

BELLE BOYD, who made herself notorious in the South during the late rebellion, makes her *debut* in this city on the 9th inst., at the French Theatre. This lady has appeared in several cities, but has failed to make a sensation anywhere.

POSTPONED.—The opening of Pike's Opera House, with the Italian Troupe, previously announced to take place this evening, has been postponed until the 9th inst., in consequence of Brignoli having, it is stated, fallen from his carriage in Washington and injured himself.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS closed at the Theatre Comique on the 4th inst., and the company has disbanded. If business gets better with traveling shows in the country the company will reorganize in about a month, and take a trip through the country.

IRA PAINE'S benefit at the Theatre Comique on the 3d inst. was very well attended. Mr. Paine was suffering with a severe cold, and it was with great difficulty that he could sing.

MESSRS KELLY AND LEON are constantly adding fresh talent to their already large minstrel company. Last week S. S. Purdy joined the company, and took the tamborine end, lately occupied by Mr. Price. He sang one of his Irish songs, and made a most favorable impression, his song being loudly *encored*, and his witty sayings received with much laughter. He also appeared in the olio, and his business took well. This week George Christy appears in "New Year's Calls." There is an entire change in the programme for the present week, introducing all the company in specialties.

G. C. BONIFACE, after a run of 465 performances of Rudolphe, in the "Black Crook," at Niblo's commences at the Old Bowery to night. Dick Sands, clog dancer, is also there.

BATEMAN'S French Dramatic Company try spasmodic efforts at the French Theatre, but it is very lonesome over there, especially to those not acquainted with the language.

THE CONCERT-ROOM of the new Tammany Hall on Fourteenth street, next to the Academy of Music, has been leased for five years, at $15,000 per year. Bryant's Minstrels, we believe, are to occupy the place.

"NOBODY'S DAUGHTER" will be revived at Banvard's Museum after the "Frost King" is played.

SOPHIE WORRELL sailed for Havana on the 2d inst. by the steamship Eagle.

THE FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE reopens on the 13th inst. with Allyne, the Wizard, who, in addition to his feats in magic, will give to the audience a number of presents. C. Amory Bruce, popularly known as "Ye Working Agent," is the manager.

THE NEW AGENCY just established in the Bowery by Messrs. Leavitt, Wild & Eagan is becoming popular with minstrel and music hall proprietors and performers throughout the country, they making this branch of the profession a specialty. They are also agents for Robert Nickle, the magician, who will shortly be disengaged.

MESSRS. LOWELL AND SIMMONDS, the dramatic agents of this city, have a number of advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER relating to their wants. They notify the company engaged by them for the Davenport-Wallack season at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., to meet at their office on the 11th inst. They are also in want of a dramatic company to travel through the Eastern towns For further particulars read their advertisements to be found in our amusement columns.

THE WORRELL SISTERS are still playing "Under the Gaslight," and probably will continue so to do, as there is nothing that would attract such delighted audiences to the New York Theatre as that sensational drama.

MISS SALLIE BROWNSON GOODRICH, who bears the reputation of being a good reader, was announced to give a reading before the Children's Aid Society, at the Newsboy's Lodging House, Fulton street, last evening.

FRANK RIVERS, the dramatic agent, who has been quite ill and confined to his bed for some time, is convalescent. In this issue of the CLIPPER he publishes several cards, one of which states that Sexton's Brass Band—now traveling with the "Broadway Theatre" company—can be engaged for the coming tenting season by circus managers. Mr. Rivers is in want of two good clog and double song and dance performers.

TONY PASTOR'S pantomime of "There Was an Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," written by John F. Poole, and produced at the Opera House on Dec. 30, attracted good houses the past week, and will be the attraction for several weeks to come if it is appreciated by the public as it ought to be. It is very well written, and magnificently placed upon the stage; the scenery being worthy any first class theatre. The transformation scene, which ends the opening of the piece and changes to the funny portion of the pantomime, is really a praiseworthy effort of Mr. James Collier, a gentleman who painted every scene and put the piece on the stage, and acts the character of clown. He is certainly a useful man. The pantomime was well cast, those who appeared to especial advantage being Messrs. H. W Eagan, T. G. Riggs, G. F. McDonald, J. A. Graver, J. W. Collier, Johnny Wild, Billy Sheppard, Addie Le Brun and Melinda Nagle. We noticed a little new business in this pantomime that we never before saw in this country—that of changing in person the parties from the opening of the pantomime to clown, harlequin, pantaloon and columbine. Instead of having the parties in the opening change by trick dresses to their characters, they suddenly disappear, and the four named characters appear—funny people all made up in face and dress for the characters they are to represent, which cannot properly be done in front of the audience.

THE HANLON COMBINATION commence a stay of six weeks at the Theatre Comique this evening The party embraces the following talent:—George, William and Alfred Hanlon, Jean Arlotti, La Petite Ethardo, Albert, Jean and Victor, M'lle Gertrude with her troupe of dogs and monkeys, a trick pony, performing goat, and Harry Gurr, the champion swimmer of England, who appears in a tank of water placed upon the stage, and while in the water accomplishes the marvelous feats of eating, drinking and smoking. We are told by those who know that this is really done and without any deception. The style of entertainment offered by this troupe will consist of gymnastic exercises by the Hanlon Brothers, who are recognized as among the most accomplished and daring performers in the world; performances by seven white poodles trained by M'lle Gertrude; together with various other gymnastic and acrobatic feats by the company. Perhaps the most attractive portion of the programme will be that of Harry Gurr, who will, no doubt, make a sensation with his watery experiments. This troupe has lately been performing in Philadelphia, where they were highly spoken of by the press.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS is doing about the best business of any place of amusement in the city; it well deserves its large patronage, for the company is one of the best we have ever seen in this city, and the management is constantly producing novelty. The pantomime of "The Miser of Bagdad," now in its third week, draws the the largest crowds to the *matinees* that we ever saw in any place of amusement, and it is enough to cure any man of the blues to watch the faces of the children and hear them scream with laughter at the pranks of Clown and Columbine. It is not the children at the *matinees* only that enjoy this pantomime, for we have witnessed those of larger growth who appeared to be equally as delighted. In addition to the pantomime, the equestrian performances in the circus are very much admired by the audience, particularly the riding of Mlle. Henrietta and the gymnastic feats of the Runnells Family.

A CHANGE OF PROGRAMME at Butler's American Theatre last week brought a succession of good houses. On New Year's day, while the Broadway Theatre had to dismiss an audience of about a dozen or so of people, and Niblo's also a small audience for the afternoon performance, Butler's place was crowded, which proves that it is a popular place of amusement. Alice Seidler, a lady who played at Wood's Theatre last season several minor parts, appeared here last week as a vocalist, and was well received. She has a good *repertoire* of songs, sings well, makes up well for the stage, and has a style that pleases. She will, no doubt, become a favorite with the patrons of this house. Vivian, the comic vocalist, Johnny Thompson, Frank Kerns, Charley Pettingill, and Bob Hart, hold their own with the lovers of negro eccentricities.

NIBLO'S GARDEN closed after the evening performance of the "Black Crook" on the 4th inst. At the close of the third act loud calls were made for Wm. Wheatley, Messrs. Palmer, Jarrett, Marston and Froude, who appeared before the footlights. Mr. Wheatley made a speech, in which he referred to the great success of the "Black Crook," and stated that the theatre would be closed for a short time for proper rehearsals of "The White Fawn," which he stated would in every respect surpass the "Crook." The gross receipts for the four hundred and sixty-five performances are said to have been over $760,000, the management having paid a revenue tax of $15,000.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" continues to be the attraction at the Olympic Theatre. Business picked up a little last week, the attendance on several evenings being very good.

MAGGIE MITCHELL commences her engagement at the Olympic Theatre early in February.

FANNY STOCQUELER has been engaged to play one of the principal parts in the play of "The Frost King," to be produced at Banvard's Museum on the 8th inst.

CHARLEY BACKUS, one of the head centres of the San Francisco Minstrels, who enjoys an enviable reputation as a successful imitator of the leading artists of the day, has been to see the sensational showman of the day, Charles Dickens, and will this evening and during the week, give imitations of the author, actor and reader. Charley is said to have caught him in one of his best *poses* and will not only imitate him him in voice, but in action. A number of other good things in minstrelsy are on the programme the current week.

MR. R. JOHNSTON closed his second engagement at the Bowery Theatre on the 4th inst., appearing with Miss Nellie Germon in "The Heart of the Great City."

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE—which has been in course of erection for several months on the corner of Eighth avenue and Twenty-third streets, under the personal supervision of S. N. Pike, a gentleman well known in theatrical circles, particularly in Cincinnati, where the most magnificent Opera House in the West was lately destroyed by fire—has approached completion and will be opened for operatic performances on the 9th inst. The house was thrown open to the inspection of some three hundred invited guests on Saturday evening, 4th inst The building has a frontage on West Twenty-third street of 120 feet, and on Eighth avenue of 112 feet. The depth, west from Eighth avenue, is 325 feet, besides an additional lot on Twenty-fourth street of 79 feet front by 55 deep. The first story is built of iron, on which a marble frontage on both streets rises, giving it a substantial and imposing appearance. It is situated 68 feet from Twenty-third street, 65 feet from Twenty-fourth street, and 111 feet from Eighth avenue. There are three entrances, the principal one being on Eighth avenue, which is 21 feet wide and 71 feet deep. The Twenty-third street entrance is 24 feet wide, 57 feet deep, and 18 feet high. Both of these entrances are paved with colored blocks of marble. The entrance on Twenty-fourth street is 12 feet wide, and admits to the family circle. Large variegated lamps light up the entrances, and paintings adorn the passages leading to the vestibule, which is 78 feet in length, 42 in width, and fifty-four in height. A marble floor reflects the glare of the rich chandeliers, and statues point from their niches on every side. A black walnut staircase leads to the dress circle, to a large ball room, and to a promenade balcony. The ball room is ninety-two feet in length, sixty in width, and thirty-two high. Over the Eighth avenue entrance is a Corinthian portico, supporting two marble figures representing Music and Comedy. Above these, and standing out from the third story, are the statues of Shakespeare and Mozart, in bas-relief. Upon the first floor there are four stores, each seventy-five feet deep; two on either side of the Eighth avenue entrance. In the rear of the Opera House has been erected a brick building, thirty three feet high, fifty feet deep, and forty-three feet wide, to be used for supper rooms and retiring rooms. The auditorium, from floor to ceiling, is seventy feet high, and is divided into parquet, parquet circle, dress circle and family circle. There are nine hundred and sixty chairs in the parquet and parquet circle, and seven hundred and eighty chairs in the dress circle, covered with crimson plush, and with ornamented backs. There are also twenty-seven boxes in the front row of the dress circle which will accommodate four persons each. There are six proscenium boxes sixteen feet wide, twelve feet deep, and ten feet high. These boxes are not papered, but are covered with satin in rich folds. The decorations of the house are really magnificent. The style resembles the Elizabethan more than any other. The walls are plastered and pannelled in oil, of light tint, in bas relief. The second tier is ornamented with small Cupids and musical devices, and the third tier with raised wreaths of flowers in gilt. The pillars supporting the tiers are ornamented with raised circling wreaths of leaves. The dress circle boxes are in white and gold. The ceiling is covered with canvas, and upon a blue ground encircling the dome are nine figures, representing the muses, in tinted colors and artistically painted. The most striking feature about the dome is an inner dome, in which are placed eight figures in statuesque, made of *papier mache* in imitation of marble, and corresponding in position with the muses. These figures are five feet high, each bearing a gleaming torch The cupola which crowns the dome is octagonal in form, containing a sky-light sixteen feet in diameter. It is the best lighted house we ever saw. A row of gas jets from the base of the dome, and another row gleams at the feet of the eight statues In front of the proscenium boxes are two large chandeliers on each side; and extending out from the railing of the second tier are a large number of burners, brilliantly illuminating the parquet and parquet circle. Extending upward from the railing of the third tier which encircles the auditorium are candelabras containing five burners each. In addition to these a series of jets extends along the side walls of the third tier. The seats are upholstered in crimson plush, and the floors of the different circles are covered with the richest of Brussels carpets. The prevailing tints throughout the auditorium are white and gold, the blue ground of the ceiling and curtains being the only exceptions. The stage is one of the best arranged we ever saw. It has a depth of seventy feet from the proscenium to the rear wall, a breadth of eighty feet, and a clear height of fifty feet. The proscenium is ten feet deep. Under the stage is a sub-cellar—blasted through solid rock—thirty-two by forty feet; and twenty-three feet from stage floor to cellar floor. This is fitted up with the customary machinery, such as traps, bridges, etc, the latter being so arranged that at a moment's notice a real bridge can be constructed upon the stage without the aid of carpenter's horses, etc. The grooves, six in number, extend across the stage, and the gas, with the accompanying reflectors, can be raised or lowered at pleasure. The flats are twenty two feet high and thirty feet wide. The stage is a sectional one, and can be taken apart in the smallest sections and with perfect ease. The dressing-rooms—which are under the stage—are commodious, exceedingly well furnished, neatly carpeted, and with every convenience. The entire building is heated by steam, the engine being located in front of the house. Every precaution has been taken against fire, and a hose can be attached to the steam engine and throw a stream of water on any part of the building. The green room is in the building on Twenty-third street. The entire cost of this structure is stated to be about $850,000, and it is owned solely by Mr. Pike, certainly the most enterprising manager in America.

Dramatic.

IN CHICAGO, Ill., holiday week is said to have brought large receipts to the different managers. Our correspondent, "Loiterer," says:—"At McVicker's Theatre Julia Dean has been the attraction......On Christmas Day, the receipts at the Opera House and Museum, each, exceeded $4,500, and 'standing room only' was the cry at both these places long before the curtain rose. At the Opera House, Mlle Venturoli received a very flattering ovation on Christmas night, receiving two pairs of Doves, and a shower of boquets, coupled with a triple *encore*. The sports have accepted her as their favorite, and the star of Weemail is on the decline. Last evening (Dec. 31), she was taken suddenly ill after the Hungarian Polka, and could not appear in the *ballet* of 'De Alka.' Mons. Lupo is suffering from a sprained ancle, and was unable to appear last evening. There is to be a *matinee* to-morrow (Jan. 1), at this place, and three performances at the Museum......At the latter place Miss Jennie Hight made her first appearance this season as Don Leander, in the 'Invisible Prince,' last evening, in which character, we Chicagoans think her without a rival. She was enthusiastically received, reassuring her of the favor in which she is held by the Chicago public. Lemoyne as Furibond, and Miss Alice Holland as Abrecatina, are deserving of mention. Lemoyne is one of the funniest men seen in this city for some time. Amelia Waugh, of the California theatre, made her first appearance as Pauline, in the 'Midnight Watch.' Miss Waugh possesses a good voice, and is likely to prove a favorite. Jennie Hight remains two weeks, appearing in favorite *roles*...... Mrs Anna Cowell, leading lady at McVicker's, took a benefit last night (Dec. 30), the plays being 'Leap Year' and 'Taming the Shrew.' In the latter piece a lady of Chicago, said to be a local reporter's wife, and a pupil of Mrs. Cowell's, made her first appearance on any stage in the *role* of Katherine. The city papers speak well of her. The house was only fair."

GEO. BROOKES AND C. J. FYFFE'S Dramatic Company arrived in Bridgetown, Island of Barbadoes, on Nov. 9th, in the barque Linda, from Philadelphia. They opened there on Nov. 15th, in "Caste." The company consists of Annie E. Dillingham, Alice Brookes, Emma R. Stiel, Lielie M. Daley, Chas. J. Fyffe, Geo. Brookes, Nelson Decker, Geo. W. Marcellus, Chas. Thompson, Geo. Tyte and Frank Romey.

W. D. SHIELDS and Maggie Gourlay are at present stopping at Lumberland, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

NO THROUGH GAFFIE, as we once heard "No Thoroughfare" pronounced, written by Dickens, and dramatised by W. M. Lannier, may be procured in manuscript as per advertisement.

MARIETTA RAVEL, the celebrated pantomimist and tight rope artist, has almost set the Coal City on fire by her performances, as is proven by the annexed quotation from a Pittsburgh paper: "The wisdom of manager Canning in re-engaging the celebrated French actress, M'lle Marietta Ravel, was demonstrated last evening by the large audience present at the Opera House. During her stay here she has drawn better houses than any other artiste whom we have had here since the Williams' took their departure." Marietta goes to the Opera House, Canton, O., on the 6th inst., to fulfil a week's engagement.

In Washington, D. C., "Everybody's Friend" and "Toodles" formed the bill at the National Theatre on the 27th ultimo, the occasion being the first benefit of Mr. John E. Owens, whose success, our correspondent states, "continues unabated, the audiences being large in spite of considerable unpleasant weather. On the following evening Mr. Owens appeared as Billy Lackaday in 'Sweethearts and Wives,' Timothy in 'Toodles,' and as Horatio Spriggins in 'Forty Winks.' Mr. G. A. Parkhurst deserves much credit for his rapid progress, as it was but a short time ago the gentleman was doing utility, and he is now entrusted with, and carefully does second old men's parts. Mrs. O F. Bateman's comedy of "Self," with the following cast, was produced on the evening of the 30th ultimo, and repeated on the following evening: John Unit, Mr J. E. Owens; Charles Sanford, Mr. C. Vandenhoff; Mr. Cynosure, Mr. F. Foster; Mr. Promptcash, Mr. E. J. Parker; Mr. Apex, Mr. W. E. Sheridan; Mr. Ellwide, Mr. G. A. Parkhurst; Mrs. Apex, Mrs. E. P. Grattan; Mrs. Radius, Mrs Cline; Mrs. Codliver, Mrs. Viola Barrett; Mary Apex, Miss Annie Waite; Aunt Chloe, Mr. H. Bland. Thus far during the season the management have not offered a play that has given more real satisfaction than the comedy of 'Self' Generals Grant and Sherman, with other notables, were present. The audiences here cannot complain either of the quantity or quality of the entertainment provided. Miss Waite, in the character assumed, was excellent, and deepened the very favorable impression made by her in previous performances; she was greatly and deservedly applauded. The Unit of Mr. Owens was without a fault, and withal a finished effort. Messrs. Vandenhoff and Sheridan did themselves great credit in the characters assumed, being uncommonly satisfactory. Mrs. Grattan was, as usual, exceedingly correct, and acquitted herself admirably. Mrs. Viola Barrett was thoroughly good in the Mrs. Malaprop character assigned her, and caused much mirth by the earnest manner in which she portrayed the part. Messrs. Foster, Parker, Parkhurst and Bland were clever, and deserved mention. On New Year's Day two performances were given. In the afternoon the 'Forty Thieves' was produced, and in the evening Mr. Owens appeared in 'Everybody's Friend' and 'Solon Shingle.' Last evening, 2d inst., 'Dot' and the 'Live Indian' were given, with Mr. Owens in both pieces. On the 6th inst., the very popular comedian and author, John Brougham, commences an engagement, appearing in his new and local play, the 'Lottery of Life......Messrs. J. W. Wallack and E. L. Davenport, with a company of New York artists, open Wall's Opera House on the 13th."

A DRAMATIC COMPANY, under C. L. Graves' management, comprising the following members:—Harry Jackson, Willie Edwin, Harry Brown, H. Sinclair, R. Paullin, S Dennis, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Sam. Wetherell and Olivie Rand started from San Francisco, Cal, on Nov. 30th, for Sacramento.

A BRIEF "Italian Opera Season" commenced on Dec. 11th, at the American Theatre, San Francisco, Cal. 'Scaramuccia' was to be the initial opera, with Sig. Mancusi, Bianci, Frank Howson, Sig. and Signorina E. Bellini, Stella Bonheur, and others in the cast.

LUCILLE WESTERN appears at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 14th, 15th and 16th inst., in "East Lynne."

BATEMAN'S FRENCH DRAMATIC TROUPE commence in Newark, N. J., on the 13th inst., for three nights.

C. W. COULDOCK played "Richard the Third" at the Salt Lake Theatre on Dec. 17.

MARIETTA RAVEL closed her two weeks' engagement at the Pittsburgh, Pa., theatre on the 4th inst.

IN BOSTON, notwithstanding the almost general dullness of theatrical business throughout the country just now, the theatres are doing more than fairly. Of things theatrical there our correspondent, "Gobbo," writes as follows:—"The Museum offered a dramatization of 'No Thoroughfare,' by Messrs. Shewell and Williams, on Monday, Dec. 30, and the houses have been excellent throughout the week. The play is more interesting than the book story, and is prepared with considerable dramatic effect. The scenery is new for the most part, and effective, and the details are excellent. Mr. Shewell plays Vendale pretty well, and Warren makes a capital part of Joey Ladle. Mr. Hardenberg paints the villain Obenreiser a little too black, though the character in his hands is very interesting. We were delighted to have Mr. Hudson killed off in the first act, for his Walter Wilding was very tame. Miss Clark had no great chance as Marguerite to do anything well but slide down the steep. Miss Vincent made Mad. Dor an immense piece of character acting, and Mrs. Davenport's Mrs. Goldstraw was very nicely done. The play is a success, and will run for another (this) week. 'Hilda' is the next attraction......Mr. Bateman's 'Grand Duchess,' up to this time, has disappointed him, for the Boston Theatre has not been decently full any night but the first. The company is exactly the same as in New York, with the exception of Mlle Lonchamps' appearing, with Tostee, as Wanda, instead of Mlle De Felcourt, and the opera is acted and sung just as it was in New York. Bostonians, however, don't seem to appreciate it, and we have not enough foreigners among us to support it at the large Boston Theatre properly. They remain next (this) week only......Benefits have been the order of the evening at the Howard Athenæum, Harry G. Clarke beginning by offering his name for public favor on Monday, Dec. 30th, announcing a number of volunteers. The house was not crowded. On Thursday, Jan. 2d, Mr. J. P. Price, an old Boston favorite retired some time from the stage, invited his friends and the public to see 'Nicholas Nickleby' and a drama, and they came and made a house full. Miss Lillie Marden, on Friday, 3d, presented her name for favor, offering the 'Doom of Destiny' and 'Toodles.' On Monday, 6th, Miss Maggie Mitchell and Mr. J. W. Collier begin an engagement for two weeks, 'Fanchon' being the opening night's bill......Selwyn's Theatre has been doing fairly with 'Dot, or the Cricket on the Hearth.' The piece is beautifully put upon the stage, and the acting is very good throughout. Mrs. Chanfrau makes a charming Dot, and Miss Anderson does astonishingly well as Bertha, while without exception the gentlemen are all good, and especially Mr. Stuart Robson. 'Maud's Peril' will be produced Monday evening, 6th; also the farce of 'Easy Shaving,' in which Robson is excellent......A drama called the 'Golden Branch,' with the old 'Black Crook' scenery, and the dialogue of the 'Devil's Auction,' is being played at the Continental, in which the principal dancers of Mr. De Pol's *ballet* troupe appear. The solo dancing there is excellent, which is all that can be said of the piece. Moriacchi appears in the Bee Dance, but as there is no male dancer to support her, we can't find it interesting. Mlle Blazini does a very pretty medly dance in costume, but Mlle Diani absolutely fails in her imitation of Soblke's Hungarian Polka. There is an Amazonian March, but the *corps* is so few, that it amounts to nothing. 'Midsummer Night's Dream' is in active preparation. Mr. James Lewis has withdrawn from the company at this theatre, and his place is supplied by Mr. William Scallan, lately of the Howard."

CHARLES DICKENS AN ACTOR!—The following is the copy of a programme which we have at present in our possession, of a play bill dated March 28, 1842, when Charles Dickens first visited this country. As Mr. Dickens is the present sensation in the show world, the following will prove very interesting:—

THEATRE ROYAL, MONTREAL.
FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY.
The Manager has the honor to announce a performance in which
CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.,
Together with the distinguished
GARRISON AMATEURS.
Whose success on Wednesday last created such unbounded admiration, will appear
This Evening, Saturday, May 28, 1842.
The performance will commence with
ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.
Sir Mark Chase........................The Hon. P. Methuen
Alfred Highflyer........................Mr. Charles Dickens
Mr. Selbourne........................The Earl of Mulgrave
Fixture........................Captain Willoughby
Game-keepers, &c., &c.
Maria Darlington........................Mrs. A. W. Penson
Mrs. Selbourne........................Mrs. Brown
Mrs. Fixture........................Mrs. Henry
After which
TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.
Snobbington........................Mr. Charles Dickens
The Stranger........................Capt. Granville, 23d Regt.
To conclude with
HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.
My Lord Duke........................Dr. Griffin, 85th Regt.
Sir Harry........................Capt. Willoughby, 23d Regt.
Lovel........................Capt. Torrens 23d Regt.
Coachman........................Capt. Granville, 23d Regt.
Freeman........................Earl of Mulgrave
Phillip........................Mr. Charles Dickens
Kingston........................Mr. Thomas
Tom........................Mr. Hughes
Mrs. Kitty........................Mrs. A. W. Penson
Lady Bab........................Mrs. Henry
Lady Charlotte........................Mrs. Brown
Chloe........................Mrs. Heath
The performance to commence at half-past Seven.
On Monday Evening,
MRS. AND MR. SOLMAN'S THIRD APPEARANCE.

THE RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE perform in Brooklyn on the 9th inst.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" continued up to last advices to be the attraction at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal. It had been performed for two weeks and attracted a crowded house each evening. The railroad scene has been very well done and is said to be the great feature of the piece. One evening it was discovered that some one had been trying to stop the "down express train" by cutting the machinery which moves it. A contemptible piece of mischief, and if the perpetrator be discovered, he should be put in "Snorkey's" place on the rails, without any 'Laura' to save him. The damage to the machinery was fortunately discovered in time, and the train made its trips every night as usual. The receipts for the first seven performances of this play, as returned to the revenue department, were as follows:—Nov. 23, $1,845 60; 25th, $1,210 75; 26th, $1,000 25; 27th, $985 50; 28th, $1,925 25; 29th, $1,000 25; 30th, $1,850 25.

THE OPERA HOUSE AT CANTON, Ohio, recently opened by B. F. Dugan, of New York, is said to be doing a fine business. The company is composed of many familiar New York names. Mortimer Murdoch concluded his engagement Dec. 31st, but is re-engaged. Miss Rachel Denvil continues with the company; Major Lindley, Florence Webster, Ada Marion, Keene, John Numan, etc., are popular. Marietta Ravel was announced for Monday 6th, in "French Spy." The company has been strengthened by engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bosworth, Mrs. Flynn and J. J. Coleman.

THE LANDER DRAMATIC COMPANY will perform in the following cities in the West:—Kalamazoo, Mich., Jan. 7th; Jackson, 8th; Adrian, 9th; Toledo, Ohio, 10th and 11th; Fort Wayne, Ind., 13th; Logansport, 14th and 15th; Lafayette, 16th; Decatur, Ill., 17th; Springfield, 18th; and open in St. Louis, Mo., on the 20th, for two weeks.

A LEADING LADY and a juvenile lady are wanted by McKean Buchanan for his company. Particulars are given in an advertisement elsewhere.

THE WILMINGTON, N. C., THEATRE, is now open under the management of Mr. Sargent, and stars having nights to fill are referred to that gentleman's card among our theatrical advertisements.

IN ST. LOUIS, MO., the various places of amusement have been only tolerably attended during the holidays. Our correspondent says:—"Edwin Adams' second week at Ben DeBar's has been but an indifferent success. He is an actor of sterling worth, and his efforts to please were duly appreciated by those that witnessed his performances. For the past week he appeared in the decidedly sensational play of 'Clairvoyance,' Mr. Adams appearing as Jean Vaudaron. He was well supported by G. F. Deven as Rodille; D. B. Vanderen as Fitz Homer; C. Krone as Mons. de Panarvan; Mrs. D. B. Vanderin as Martha Vaubaron; Miss Amelia Watts as Blanch; Mrs. Biddles as Mother Luzande; and Miss Nellie Mortimer as Pamela. This evening (Jan 3) Mr. Adams takes his farewell benefit, and will appear as Hamlet. For some untold reason, Julia Dean has found it impossible to fill her engagement, which was to have commenced on January 6th, and to fill the time Mr DeBar has secured Cecile Rush. D. H. Hastin, formerly of the Varieties, has been engaged, and will support Miss Rush during her second week. Edwin Forrest will follow Mrs. Lander at this house. ......Lotti's German Opera Troupe closed their engagement at the Varieties this (last) week, and the dramatic season will be resumed on January 6th, on which occasion the fairy spectacular drama entitled 'Napoli' will be produced, under the management of J. G. Burnett. We are promised a variety of spectacular pieces, which are to be produced in quick succession."

LADY DON opens an engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 13th inst.

THE WILMINGTON, N. C., THEATRE was opened to the public on Dec. 30th, and, notwithstanding bad weather, there was quite a good attendance. "Damon and Pythias" was presented, with Mr. Phelps as Damon, Mr. Sutton as Pythias, and Mrs. Stetson as Calanthe. It is said to have been put upon the stage in a creditable manner, and well played. The farce of "Contentment *vs.* Riches" was also given.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON closed his engagement at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 4th inst. "Rip Van Winkle" was played, and attracted excellent houses during his entire engagement. Edwin Adams commences a two weeks' engagement at this theatre on the 6th inst

MAJOR HENRY LINDLEY and Florence Webster are at Canton, O., Opera House.

"CENDRILLON" having failed to draw at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, was withdrawn on the 4th. A dramatization of "No Thoroughfare" is announced for this week, particular care being bestowed on the Alpine Gorge and Snow Storm scene. It is cast as follows:—Marguerite, Miss Josie Orton; Mr. Bintrey, W. H. S. Smith; Joey Ladle, W. Lennox; George Vendale, W. H. Leake; Walter Wilding, F. Murdoch; Obenreiser, C. A. McManus; Jarvis, T. McKeon; Maitre Voight, J. W. Jennings; Sarah Goldstraw, Miss J. Parker; Madame Dor, Mrs. M. A. Burroughs; The Veiled Lady, Miss L. Arlington.

FANNY YOUNGE was announced to make her *debut* in San Francisco, Cal., on Dec 12th, as Polly Marigold, in "Our Village," and 'Rum-ti-Foozle," at Maguire's Opera House.

N. C. FORRESTER, with his dramatic party, closed in Auburn, N. Y., on the 4th inst., and are this week in Syracuse, N. Y., and continue there next week.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted for a season of six months, by Jos. T. Fannin & Co., who so advertise in another column.

"MEG'S DIVERSION" was produced at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., on Dec. 6. With the exception of having to substitute Pierpont Thayer for Mr. Thompson, as Jeremy, at short notice, the piece is said to have passed off very well. John McCullough played Jasper, Mrs. Sophie Edwin as Meg, Helen Tracy as Cornelia, Beatty as Jasper, and Mrs. Judah as the Widow, are all well spoken of. The same bill was played two evenings, when the house closed for renovations, preparatory to the first appearance of Fanny Younge.

LADY DON opened in Grand Rapids, Mich., on Dec. 30th, as Polly Eccles in "Caste."

DAN WORCESTER'S "SENSATION" TROUPE closed their engagement in Brattleboro, Vt., on Dec. 28th, to a crowded house. They went thence to Bellows Falls and Windsor, Vt.

MDLLE ZOE, the "Cuban Sylph," commenced an engagement at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on December 30, in "The French Spy," followed by the "Child of the Wreck" and "Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish" on the 31st. The "French Spy" was repeated on January 1st, both afternoon and evening; the "Wizard Skiff" on the 2d, and for her benefit on the 3d she appeared in the speaking part of the Maid of Orleans in the historical drama of "Joan of Arc." Our correspondent "Mose" says: "Her engagement has been attended with large audiences. On New Year's Day, both afternoon and evening, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, people were turned from the doors unable to gain admittance. The receipts on this day alone amounted to over one thousand dollars. Business continued good the entire week. In the 'French Spy' Mdlle. Zoe was complimented by a call before the curtain at the end of every act. Her rendition of the Spy is a successful peice of acting. The broadsword combat in the second act is one of the most terrific I ever saw executed by a female. The power and endurance of Zoe in this combat is wonderful. E. D. Lay, who is engaged with Zoe as a support in her various pieces, impersonated Mohammet in a manner that won frequent plaudits. She also received good support from the stock company during her stay, Messrs. Davis, Hurley, Linden and Rooney, and the Misses Tracy, Davis and Parker being especially worthy of notice. E. Eddy is the next star."

MDME. FANNY JANAUSCHEK made her second appearance in Newark, N. J., on Dec. 30, as Deborah in "Leah."

MORTIMER MURDOCH opened at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on January 1st. The pieces presented were "Louis XI." and "String of Pearls." "Mr. Murdoch," says our correspondent, "appeared as Louis XI and as Sweeny Todd to advantage; he is an actor of no common merit. Annie Yeamons as Dauphin rendered effective aid to the success of the play. Mrs. Yeamons is a very pleasing actress, and possessing decided dramatic ability. Mrs. D. Myron as Marie, and Miss Jennie Adams as Martha, deserve special mention......On the 4th and 6th inst., S. W. Glenn will make his appearance in this city as Rip Van Winkle in the play of that name."

"ROSEDALE" was produced at the Savannah, Ga., theatre on Dec. 30th, in which Jenny Clifford made her reappearance in the *role* of Florence May; with J. Templeton as Elliott Grey, O. B. Collins as Miles McKenna, Alice Vane as Rosa Leigh, and Harry Clifford as Bunberry Kobb. On Jan. 2d "Aladdin" was produced, and on the 3d H. B. Gates's mare "Black Bess" was to make her first appearance in "Dick Turpin" and "Jack Sheppard." On the 6th Charlotte Thompson opens for two weeks, to be followed by F. S. Chanfrau.

KATE FISHER closed her Buffalo (N. Y.) engagement on the 4th inst. Last week the "Cataract of the Ganges" was produced, with Kate Fisher as Zamine. Our correspondent "Theo," under date of Jan. 3d, says:—"To-night will test the versatility of Miss Fisher, as she appears in eight different characters in the drama of 'Three Fast Men' and 'Mazeppa.' Lotta appears on the 6th for two weeks. Mr. Crabtree informs me that, as they were coming from Mobile, and when three miles this side of Humboldt, three cars were thrown from the track. Lotta was in one of the cars, but luckily was not injured......Rumor says that Lucille Western will commence an engagement here in a short time......John D. Wood, late of Height and Rogers' Troupe, is in town on a New Year's visit, but will shortly leave to fulfill an engagement in the West."

LADY DON closed an engagement in Grand Rapids, Mich., at the new Opera House, on Jan. 2d. The stock company at present comprises J. W. Carter, J. Sandbrook, G. B. Beach, J. Barry, H. A. Kendall, J. W. Wilson, J. W. Toohey, R. J. Miller, J. Cecil, Carrie Carter, Mrs. R. J. Miller, Miss E. H. P. Bryce and Ettie Miller.

"THE LOTTERY OF LIFE," John Brougham's latest production, was given at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., all last week, and is announced for the present week. Sam Collyer, the light weight champion of the P. R., was engaged expressly for the piece, and his performance of Bob was a feature of the play. Mr. Collyer continues in the play this week, and the three little people, Com. Foote, Col. Small and Miss Nestell also appear, as well as G. C. Charles. We are informed that the house has been very well attended. "No Thoroughfare" is in active preparation at this establishment.

LUCILLE WESTERN has dropped "East Lynne," and appears as Nancy Sykes, in the drama of "Oliver Twist," this week, which is the last of her engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia. Mr. J. B Roberts is making himself generally useful, last week showing as Sir Francis Levison in "East Lynne," and this week as Fagin the Jew in "Oliver Twist." Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams follow Miss Western, commencing on the 13th.

"LIGHT AT LAST," a new American drama, by Col. Fitzgerald, of the Philadelphia press, was produced for the first time at the Arch Street Theatre, in that city, on Monday evening, December 30, to a densely crowded house. The scene of "Light at Last" is laid in and about the Terrace Hotel, near the Lake of Killarney. It opens with the arrival of Squire Fairlawn with his wife and sister. Catharine Fairlawn (the wife) loved a young man named Robert King (who had been defrauded of his property by the Squire), but her parents forced her into a marriage with Fairlawn. King follows her to the hotel and has an interview with her in the garden at night, which is observed by a scamp named Dennis, who has systematically lied to the Squire about Catharine and Robert. King afterwards resolves to see the Squire and demand restitution. He seeks him in his room at midnight, and appeals to his better feelings, promising to leave the country if he will return part of the money due him. This interview is witnessed only by a Shadow on the Casement. The Squire refuses, and trembling with rage draws a pistol to shoot King, when a fit of apoplexy seizes him, his hand is turned towards himself, the pistol explodes, and he falls dead. King, knowing he will be suspected of the crime, seeks refuge with Mrs. Fairlawn, imploring her to conceal him till the next night. Fearing he is the murderer of her husband she at first refuses; but finally, convinced of his innocence, she conceals him. At the same moment Miss Fairlawn, who secretly loves King, enters, and hearing a noise in her sister's room demands to know what it is After a thrilling scene, she finally discovers the cause; and learning that Catharine still loves King, threatens to deliver him to justice. Catharine prevents this by showing her a will by which she (Miss Fairlawn) unexpectedly has been left by her brother a large estate. "The existence of this will is known only to me!" exclaims Catharine. "Betray Robert King and I will commit it to the flames!" Miss Fairlawn stands irresolute, when a knock is heard. The officers of the law have come to search the room King is concealed, and Miss Fairlawn orders Catharine to open the door. The officer on seeing the relatives of the deceased apologizes, and simply asks the question, pointing to the room where King is concealed, "Is there any one in there?" Catharine, breathless, holds the will near a lighted candle. Miss Fairlawn, after a struggle, replies "No!" King, that night, escapes during a festival at the lake, but the hotel takes fire and he returning to save her he loves, is recognized. At the same moment Catharine is also arrested as an accomplice in the murder of the Squire. The trial takes place, and Dennis testifies against the accused; and the evidence is so strong that they almost seem convicted, when Millstone, an American actor, who, with his wife, has been at the hotel for a short time, comes forward and testifies that he beheld, through the casement, the interview between King and the Squire. This acquits the accused, and "Light at Last" dawns and the curtain falls. All the Philadelphia papers are loud in their praise of this new drama. Possibly the reason is attributable to the fact that Colonel Fitzgerald belongs to the craft. A play is not necessarily better for being written by an editor, but the pen of the critic loses much of its sharpness when speaking of such a production. Not being controlled by the very numerous, though not exceedingly weighty papers of the brotherly love city, we can freely express our opinion concerning the merits of the piece. The plot is highly improbable, if not impossible, though that, perhaps, is a merit in these days. Men who shoot themselves accidentally and die of apoplexy (also accidentally) at the same moment are not common, and witnesses to such affairs are not often suspected of murder. "The moral of this piece is extremely plain and well drawn," we are told, but the morality of a woman hiding a man in her bedroom, whom she suspects of murdering her husband, is not so apparent. The officers who apologized and went away on finding the relatives of the deceased were in the house could not have been trained by Mr. Kennedy, though they may have belonged in Philadelphia, where the "cops" *smoke cigars and carry umbrellas while on duty*. The threatened burning of the will is exceedingly absurd. The idea of a man making a will *without witnesses*, which would be of the value of so much waste paper in law, and leaving his estate to his sister—(who would inherit if the will *had* been burned) and confiding the care of the instrument and the sole knowledge of its existence to his wife "is richness." But sillier yet—a sister loving the memory of her dead brother, jealous of his widow, suspicious of murder, clogs the wheels of justice and yields her sense of duty because her rival threatens to burn a useless paper! When King is finally tried his acquittal caps the climax of improbability. Can the author suppose that a man around whom was woven a strong thread of circumstantial evidence *could* be acquitted (in Ireland) on the unsupported testimony of an American actor or of "any other man?" And yet to do the matter justice the plot is perhaps no more absurd than are the numberless novels and "sensations" which do greatly flourish here and in England. The dialogue is not strong; it abounds too much in cheap rhetoric which (a definition) is a combination of words producing an effect on the ear but none on the mind or the heart. It occasionally sparkles, is semi-occasionally funny, and once or twice fairly borders on the shores of genuine eloquence. There is a display of verboseness which sometimes reminds one of those who write for the newspapers at so much a column, and who are bound to stretch or starve. The situations are unusually good. The author culls with nicest care the taking points of many a play, and robed in his own words we look upon them as the faces of new friends, though memory occasionally nudges us to say "I've seen that before, but I don't know where." The trial in the last act is bad. Trials for murder are not usually of a comical character, nor do witnesses often so disregard the solemnity of the same as to indulge in buffoonery. Yet in this case the main attempt appears to be to create a laugh. The author must have forgotten that the charges against Robert King and Mr. Pickwick are of a widely different character. The characters are drawn with tolerable distinctness. Catharine Fairlawn seems almost the work of a master hand. Robert King is sometimes powerful, and the causes which actuate his conduct are set forth in no mean manner. Millstone—between whom and Rover in "Wild Oats" some relationship must exist—is a good character, and cannot fail of popularity. Squire Fairlawn, during his short career, is well and tersely presented. The acting is excellent. Mrs. Drew has seldom appeared to better advantage than as Catharine. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Walcott, Jr., find congenial characters in the parts of Mr. and Mrs John Wilkins Millstone. Mr. Everly as Squire Fairlawn and Mr. James as Robert King are both admirable. The piece is well mounted, and the scenery deserves praise. The burning of the hotel in the fourth act is one of the finest effects we have witnessed for a long time. The houses have been unusually large and enthusiastic, and there seems no doubt that "Light at Last" will prove a popular success.

R. JOHNSTON and Nellie Germon can be secured for star engagements for the production of the local piece, "The Heart of the Great City," and "Little Polly, the Child of the Streets." Managers wishing to secure these artists will find their address in another column.

ZOE terminated her engagement at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on the 4th inst. The following complimentary notice is from the Troy *Northern Budget* of Jan 5th: "The Opera House did a first-rate business last week under the scintillations of Zoe's charms. A round of her best pieces formed the bills of fare, and the smiles of serene satisfaction visible upon the countless countenances of her patrons, plainly evinced her popularity and acceptibility. Zoe must certainly be complimented on her grit in the pursuit of her arduous profession. As an instance, last season in her speciality, 'The French Spy,' she fought a broadsword combat with two men, eliciting the heartiest applause. Another actress of the would-be Zoe persuasion, but infinitely inferior to Zoe in every respect, copied this fight, and had succeeded in imitating it quite tolerably, when Zoe got her dander up (speaking figuratively), and now does a terrific broadsword combat, which is one of the most intensely thrilling and beautiful scenes before footlights, imaginable. Zoe's bill of fare embraced 'The French Spy,' 'Child of the Wreck,' 'Wept of the Wish ton Wish,' 'Joan of Arc,' and the 'Wizard Skiff'—sufficient of novelty for one week."

Music Halls.

AT THE OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL, San Francisco, Cal., the principal attractions have been Kitty O'Neil, Maggie Moore, Molly Low, Ida Wood, Alf Graham, Johnny De Angelis, Ned Deeves, Mike Quin, John Woodward, Lew Rattler, Otto Burbank, Carrie Simmons, and the DeLave Family. Kitty O'Neil made her re-

appearance on Nov. 25th in a piece called "Ireland and America," as Lady Godiva, and as "Kitty from Cork."

ADAH LAMONT, sister of Jenny Lamont, who retired from the stage some time ago, made her debut at the Olympic, San Francisco, Cal., on Dec. 9th.

CHRISTY AND MILLER opened the State Street Theatre, Columbus, Ohio, with a variety troupe, on New Year's night.

CADWELL'S CONCERT HALL, Milwaukee, Wis., opened for a season of four months on Jan. 1st. A large sum of money has been subscribed by the merchants of the city, in order to have some kind of amusement during the winter months. Milwaukee has a population of 72,000. The manager is said to have an excellent company engaged, and will play from time to time all the sensation people in the variety line.

CANTERBURY HALL, Omaha, N. T., is resorted to be in the full tide of success. Among the stars twinkling there are Rosa La Forrest, Minnie Bell, George Edwards, Morrissey, Little McArthur, Billy Lee, Jim Hayes and Frank Steel. Manager McArthur is always prepared to make engagements with additional talent, and so advertises in another column of the CLIPPER.

CENTRAL HALL, Wilmington, Del., is now open with a variety company under the management of James Ward, late of Forepaugh's Circus. Talent is wanted, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere. The company engaged there at present embraces the following:—Nelly Huntly, Emma Miller, Annie Rusk, the Sutton brothers, Tom Haywood, A. R. Campbell, and Master Jerry.

AT THE VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, Pa., Clara Burton, Geo. Edeson, Clark Gibbs, and Tom Williams are among the attractions.

CHARLEY WHITE has resumed the stage management of the Varieties, Memphis, Tenn.

EUGENE GORMAN, Johnny Weaver, Miss Blanche Reynolds, Johnny Smith and Andy McKee left Memphis, Tenn., for Vicksburg, on Dec. 30, to join John Huntley's variety show, he having changed the nature of the entertainments at the theatre. Willis Cobb, with his dogs, etc., were to join the same party about the 3d of January.

JOHNNY HART, Oscar Willis and Charley Howard made their first appearance at the Varieties, Memphis, on Dec. 30.

WILLIS COBB was the recipient of a benefit at the Varieties, Memphis, Tenn., on Dec. 26.

THE CANTERBURY, at Washington, D. C., recently opened by Mulligan, Hart & Co., is prospering finely, and will so continue if the present popular rates—10, 15, 25 and 50 cents—of admission are adhered to. Our correspondent says:—"The company is in every respect as good as desired, and a good performance, after the style of the 'Fours', is nightly given. I attended on the afternoon of the 1st, and found a standing place, the hall being crowded throughout. John Mulligan, Josh Hart, Sam Cole and Larry Tooley, attend to the Ethiopian department; Emma Fowler and Fannie Gilmore do the vocalizing; the King Brothers appear on the horizontal bar and trapeze; Kate Harrison, Julia Marsh, Naomi Porter, Alice Gilmore and Jennie Benson are to be found in the terpsichorean department, and Bob Hall directs the orchestra. Mulligan and Hart were always great favorites in this city, and it is only necessary for them to appear to cause genuine merriment. Fannie Gilmore is decidedly good as a vocalist, and Jennie Benson does a clog dance in a manner deserving of praise."

IN HARRISBURG, PA., during last week, business at Lawrence's Germania was excellent. Miss Annie Gibbons, Miss Nellie Howard and Mr. Tim Hayes closed a successful engagement on the 4th. Joe Warner is billed and will shortly appear. During the week a farce entitled "Trying to Rob the U. S. Mail" was produced, introducing Miss Lizzie Legrange, Mr. J. W. Berkley and Charley Gardner.

AT CLARK AND SPENCER'S ALHAMBRA, Buffalo, N. Y., John Fielding, basso, and Prof. Wise, wizard bugler, put in an appearance on Dec. 30th. Gus. Clark and Lizzie Phillips are also among the attractions.

AT THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, among the many attractions offered by the management, are Miss Nellie Florence's jig-dancing and Ganfraus' Dutch songs and dances. Dan Connor and J. W. Martin put in an appearance on the 6th inst.

"Zozo, or the Elves of the Gold and Silver Waters," has made such a decided hit at Fox's American, Philadelphia, as to warrant the manager in continuing it until further notice. Among the performers announced for the current week are Mons. Leon Chenat and Mr. Barry Carter. Eph. Horn is in his last week. The pantomime of the "Magic Pearl" is still on the bills.

FITZ SIMMONS, after an extended tour through the West, opens at the Baltimore, Md., Opera House, on the 6th inst., in his sensational play of "The Female Pickpocket." Edmond Glover and Annie Bordwell also reappear this week.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE MINSTREL COMPANY, under the management of Leslie, Raynor and Smith, continue to do a pretty good business at their new hall in San Francisco, Cal. The latest novelty produced was the "Ghost."

REMINGTON AND KIRBY'S MINSTRELS, embracing the following performers:—Billy Remington, bones; A. R. Kirbey, tambo; Prof. Heller, first violin; H. Woodland, cornet; B. Kaltan, double bass; J. Decker, flute and tenor horn; C. Gillott and J. Neilan, clogs; H. Gibons, Irish jig dancer; F. Wabeel, balladist; J. Williams, bass singer; and G. Decker, second violin, are showing in Michigan. They were at Jackson on Dec. 30th.

SKIFF AND GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS appeared at the Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, on the 3d.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK, the German *tragedienne*, is announced for the 10th and 11th inst., in Columbus, Ohio.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS performed in Utica, N. Y., on Dec. 31st, to a full house. G. Swaine Buckley, in his great play of "False Faces," made a favorable impression.

WILSON'S MINSTRELS, of St. Louis, Mo., had such a large number of New Year's calls that the Opera House was crowded. For the present week the burlesque opera of "Faust" is announced, also specialties by Fred. Wilson, negro eccentricities by Wagner, Booker and Allen, and ballads by Bideaux, Dans, Dempster and Kemble.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS, at Woods' Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, continue on with unabated success. Childers, the Zouave Drill man, is the main feature the present week. The old favorites, Raynor, Emmett, Manning and Gulick are still with the party. Charles Collins is said to be a favorite with the patrons of this place of amusement.

"UNDER THE LAMPLIGHT," a successful burlesque on the sensational play of "Under the Gaslight," is in the second week of its revival at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, where it is attracting equally as large audiences as it did on its former presentation. Wm. Carleton, the Irish vocalist and dancer, commences with Mr. Hooley this week; also G. Moore, a dancer. The successful negro sketch of "The Arrival of Dickens," by A. J. Leavitt, is also produced for the first time, together with many other new acts.

EPH HORN is to have a benefit at Fox's American, Philadelphia, on the 10th inst., on which occasion Frank Brower, Frank Moran, J. H. Budworth and Johnny Mack are to appear.

TUNISON & CO.'S MINSTRELS, at their New Philadelphia Opera House, will be assisted this week by the following performers: M. Aynsley Scott, basso; G. N. Rockefeller, alto; and Master George and Miss Maggie, singers and dancers.

A RUMOR PREVAILS that Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, of Philadelphia, are about to bring out a burlesque on Col. Fitzgerald's "Light at Last, or the Shadow on the Casement." The title of the burlesque is to be, "A Bite at Last, or the Shad-roe in the Basement."

Circuses.

LEE AND RYLAND'S CIRCUS TROUPE sailed from San Francisco, Cal., for Mazatlan and Guaymas on Dec. 6th, accompanied by the De Lave family.

HAIGHT AND CHAMBERS' CIRCUS performed at San Antonio, Texas, one week, closing there December 25, and expected to be in Austin on December 28, to go thence to Houston, Galveston, and New Orleans, where they take the steamboat Coosa again. The Wilson Brothers joined this show in Galveston, and the Misco Brothers left at Houston.

LAKE'S CIRCUS is in Texas.

LEVI J. NORTH, with trick and manege horse, etc., can be secured for next season. See his card.

THAYER AND NOYES' CIRCUS company close at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the afternoon of the 7th. The entire receipts are to be given to the orphan asylums of that city. The farewell performance is for the benefit of Tom King, and he is to appear as clown.

THE CIRCUS in Philadelphia is not a success. The building is a poor one, and the manager is inexperienced in the business. New Year's night the band struck for wages alleged to be overdue. They refused to play unless paid; and so, early in the evening—the stamps not being forthcoming—they packed their traps and went, right in the midst of the performance, leaving the "intrepid riders" and "bold acrobats" without an orchestra. Nothing daunted, the veteran clown—old Bobby Williams—appeared in the ring with one of those instruments composed of a number of reeds, and whistled away as merrily as though he were the champion bugler and the rest of a brass band besides. Parker, the clown, also got off a fair sentiment. He having been presented with a beautiful worked handkerchief, remarked that "he hoped the donor might never require a handkerchief to wipe away the tears of sorrow." So, through the efforts of the performers and the good nature of the small audience, the show reached its termination, and the orchestra of one played the *finale*. Hopes are entertained, and reasonably, too, that the engagement of De Berg, the great equestrienne, will revive the sinking fortunes of the circus. She commences on Wednesday night. Let the town be thoroughly advertised. At Parker's benefit, where the event was billed everywhere, there was $520 in the house. Yet it scarcely seems to have taught Manager Joseph a lesson.

THE DONOVAN BROTHERS, gymnasts and general performers, can be engaged for the coming tenting season. Their address will be found among our advertisements.

Miscellaneous.

ADVANCE AGENTS will find a card from McClelland & Co., of Galesburg, Ill., in another column, informing them how they can save money when visiting that town. Read it.

L. W. SEAVEY, of the firm of Seavey & Co., whose card may be found in another column, has just painted a panorama and transformation scene for a new spectacle soon to be produced at the Continental Theatre, Boston, Mass.

A FIRE broke out in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on New Year's night, and but for the presence of the members of the Hibernia Engine Company, who gave a ball in the building that evening, it is thought that the house would have been destroyed. Through the efforts of the firemen present, the fire was subdued without much damage.

A PANORAMA of the Streets of New York and Central Park, is advertised in this week's CLIPPER, to which we call the attention of our readers.

ELI LEWIS, who is janitor and bill poster for the Music Hall, New Albany, Ind., has a card in our advertising columns which those intending to travel that way should make a note of.

THE APOCALYPSE opened in Wheeling, Va., on the 2d inst. for three nights, and was to go thence to Cumberland and Washington.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., says a correspondent, has not had a good show, except the Morris Brothers' Minstrels, for several months. Our correspondent says:—"A minstrel show would do well, and a first class dramatic troupe would, no doubt, do a good business."

BLIND TOM is billed to appear at the Opera House, Buffalo, N. Y., the 13th inst., for one week.

ALF. BURNETT, assisted by Miss Nash, gives an entertainment at Covington, Ky., on the 10th inst.

THE PEAK FAMILY OF BELL RINGERS were billed for Indianapolis, Ind., on the 6th and 7th inst.

TOM THUMB and party were at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 3d and 4th inst.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, of Cincinnati, advertise for a number of singers, dancers, etc., in this issue of the CLIPPER. They wish to secure a personator of female character and burlesque prima donna.

THE PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS are said to have done a good business at the Fourth Street Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio. They closed there last week, and go south through Kentucky.

A MAN to play the melodeon, and sing, is advertised for. See card.

DAY'S ASSEMBLY ROOMS is the name of a new hall for public entertainment just erected in Brooklyn, corner of Fourth avenue and Eighteenth street, by Mr. Day, who announces that he is prepared to rent it to traveling shows. It has a main floor and gallery, with a platform stage. For terms, etc., see advertisement elsewhere.

AN OLD FOLKS CONCERT party are to open at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on Feb. 3d.

SAUL SERTREW has published a number of songs and dances for single and double business, drum solos, comic songs and stump speeches, which he offers for sale to performers in the minstrel and music hall business. His address will be found elsewhere.

Amateur.

THE GREENVILLE, PA., DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave a performance of "The Rose of Ettrick Vale," Dec. 30th, '67. A correspondent writes:—"B. E. Mossman, as Red Ronald, had a poor conception of the character. George Keck, as Adam of Teviot, was fair. W. W. Wick, as Albert, his adopted son, should by no means adopt the theatrical profession. Guy was the main guy of the piece; but for him the play would have had little interest. J. J. Donahue, as Wandering Steenie, wandered through his character in a strange manner. Brand o' the Brae, by N. F. Donaldson, was fair. Black Wylie, H. Lininger, Murdock, F. Donaldson, middling. Fargus, by J. A. Waugh, lost his voice. Laurette, by Miss McNally; Jessie, Miss Lue Lamson; and Amy, Miss Boies, all did very well. On the whole, the play should have been presented in a much better manner after a six months' rehearsal. The performance closed with a "Punch and Judy" show, and a Scotch song, by J. J. Donahue, the manager.

THE BOOTHENIAN D. A., of Philadelphia, gave a performance of "Lady of Lyons" on the 2d inst. Mr. St. Ledger was well up in the lines of Claude Melnotte, and Mr. Hayhurst deserves credit for the manner in which he played Damas. Mr. Sherlock was cast as Beauseant, Mr. Buck as Glavis, Mr. Francis as Deschappelles, and Mr. Quigley as the landlord. Pauline was read by Miss Loraine.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed on Thursday evening, January 2d, the "Lady of Lyons," to a good house. A correspondent writes:—"Mr. E. N. Warren's Claude Melnotte was well conceived and played in excellent taste. He was called before the curtain four times. It has been a long time since we have heard an amateur so heartily and deservedly applauded. Mr. W. has the qualities to make himself a good actor, with a little care. B. F. Calvert's Col. Damas was well played. His make up was good; he must study the lines more. Mr. G. C. Germon as Beausant—and J. S. Foy as Glavis—acted well. Miss Beaufort as Pauline, looked well and acted the part creditably. She was once required to appear before the curtain during the evening. Miss C. Leanore as Widow Melnotte played and dressed the part well. The other characters were pretty well sustained."

THE DAYTON, OHIO, AMATEURS DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION will open in Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, some time this week.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

NOVEL INVENTION.—At one of the London (Eng.) theatres the footlights consist of the argand burners reversed, with the lights burning downwards, all the combustion being taken away through a large iron cylinder underneath to a flue at the back of the proscenium. A joint on each burner is so contrived that if any one of the glasses breaks it falls, and so shuts off the gas in that burner. The plan combines safety, also, as not a particle of heat escapes into the house, and a gauze handkerchief might be placed on the top of the burner without ignition.

THE MARTINETTI TROUPE are playing in Australia.

LYSTER'S OPERA COMPANY, consisting of Lucy Escott, Georgie Hodson, Mrs. Ada King, Henry Squires and many others, have been performing in Adelaide, Australia.

EDWIN HUGHES died in London, Eng., on Dec. 7. He was well known in the circus profession.

JOHN WATSON was drowned at Darlington, Eng., while skating on Dec. 16. He was a member of the Theatre Royal company at that place.

ALEXANDER BROWN BERTRAM died at Falkirk, Eng., on Dec. 17, by the bursting of a blood vessel.

EDWIN—better known here as "Ted"—Croueste, clown, arrived in London, Eng., on Dec. 18th. He contemplates returning to this country in about two months.

JOHN S. CLARKE was announced to appear at the St. James' Theatre, London, Eng., on Dec. 31, in "A Widow Hunt," for the sixty-sixth time.

VESTVALI is announced to open in Liverpool, Eng., on the 20th, for four weeks, at the Amphitheatre.

FANNY SIMONSEN took a benefit Oct. 25th, at the Princess' Theatre, Melbourne, Australia.

MAD. CELESTE is looked for in London, Eng., during the present week, having sailed from Australia, in November.

JOEY GOUGENHEIM is playing in Australia.

KATE DENIN opened in Ballaarat, Nov. 10.

SIG. GUSTAVE BLITZ sails from Southampton, Eng., about the 1st of February with his troupe of trained canary birds for a tour through the United States.

AMUSEMENTS.

SCHAFFER'S OPERA HOUSE,
CANTON, OHIO.
Manager.....B. F. DUGAN | Stage Man'er. Maj. H. LINLDEY
Treasurer.....J. T. LESTER | Machinist.....L. DENHAM
Scenic Artist.....M. WARD | Prompter.....FRANK BARRY
The company is composed of Ladies and Gentlemen from the following New York Theatres: Wallack's, Niblo's Garden, Broadway, Olympic, New York Theatre.
MISS RACHEL DENVIL
AND
MR. MORTIMER MURDOCH.
who will appear in their favorite roles, supported by the following artists:
MAJOR H. LINDLEY, FRANK BANG,
JOHN NUNAN, J. E. GILPIN,
T. W. KEENE, JOHN F. WARD.
R. THOMPSON, EDWARD M. MANNING,
MISS FLORENCE WEBSTER, ADA MARIAN,
J. C. MANVERS, T. S. ALDRICH,
C. C. WHITE, F. O. HENDRICKS,
MISS JULIA BOSWORTH, MISS K. WILEY.
WANTED—A good String and Brass Band. Address
40 3t* B. F. DUGAN, Canton, Ohio.

WILMINGTON (N. C.) THEATRE.
H. J. SARGENT.....Lessee and Manager
C. S. WHITNEY.....Treasurer
J. V. BOWES.....Scenic Artist
OPEN FOR THE WINTER SEASON.
Prominent among the company will be found the following ladies and gentlemen, whose names attest their excellence in Dramatic Art:
MR. A. R. PHELPS, the Popular Tragedian.
MRS E. T. STETSON, the Accomplished Tragedienne.
MISS ANNIE BACON, MR. A. REDIFER,
MISS M MADDERN, MR HARRY HOVLAND,
MISS MARY FOLWELL, MR. J. P. EDWARDS,
MR. J. P SUTTON, MR. J. LEWIS,
MR. J. V. BOWES, MR. F. F. MACK, and others.
The Theatre has been entirely renovated carpeted and papered. Stars having nights may address the manager. 40-2t*

LEAVITT, WILD & EAGAN'S MINSTREL AND VARIETY AGENCY, No. 189 BOWERY, NEW YORK CITY.—Having established ourselves, we are now prepared to treat with managers of MINSTREL AND VARIETY TROUPES; also, FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS in the above line of business, our facilities being such that we shall be able to give entire satisfaction. We are also prepared to furnish NEW ACTS, SONGS AND DANCES, BANJO SOLOS, PATHETIC BALLADS, STUMP SPEECHES, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT PLAYS, and all new SENSATIONS, PHOTOGRAPHS of all the CELEBRITIES in and out of the PROFESSION, ETHIOPIAN WIGS of every description—in fact everything appertaining to the profession, at the lowest market prices. Particular attention paid to YOUNG PERSONS wishing to ADOPT THE STAGE as a PROFESSION.
N. B.—SCENERY FURNISHED FOR TRAVELING COMPANIES AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE. 40 1t*

ROBERT NICKLE, the World's Prestidigitateur and Magician, will shortly be disengaged. Apply to his Sole Agents, LEAVITT, WILD & EAGAN,
40-1t* No. 189 Bowery, New York City.

MR. R. JOHNSTON
AND MISS NELLIE GERMON.
These popular artists, with the last new sensations, "The Heart of the Great City" and "Little Polly, the Child of the Streets," having fulfilled a most successful engagement in this city, are now prepared to negotiate with managers. Address care of Clipper office. 40-1t*

DAY'S ASSEMBLY ROOMS,
Corner 18th street and 4th avenue, Brooklyn.
This Hall is now open for Balls, Concerts, Exhibitions, Meetings, &c. It is well heated, lighted and ventilated, with Hat Room, Ladies' Room and Ticket Office. Terms—For Balls, $25 per night: for Exhibitions, &c., $20.
N. B.—If desired, will share the house with any good public entertainment. [40-2t*] EDWARD P. DAY, Proprietor.

BANJO INSTRUCTION by my Champion Method.—A complete set of Tunes, with all the necessary explanations, sent by mail. PROFESSIONAL BANJOS from $15 to $80.
40-1t* J. K. BUCKLEY, 578 Hudson street, New York.

JIG AND CLOG DANCING Without a Master.—The most complete Book ever published. Will enable any person to become a master of the art in a very short time. Sent to any address for $1. J. K. BUCKLEY, 578 Hudson st., N. Y. 40-1t*

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
I have Trick Horse or Manage, one Pad Horse, Trick Poney, with myself; can be engaged for the coming season, or will sell.
40-2t* Address Clipper Office, LEVI J. NORTH.

WANTED.--
A LEADING LADY AND A JUVENILE LADY
to join about the middle of February, must have fine appearance full and complete Tragedy wardrobe, situation one year, to travel. Address at New Haven until JAN. 11; Bridgeport, Conn., until JAN. 18.
State Lowest Terms and send Photographs if possible.
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I wish to return my sincere thanks to GEORGE W. BOWERS, of Wilson's Minstrels, St. Louis, Mo., for the good disposition he has displayed in giving publicity to the fact of my being the composer of the popular Song and Dance,
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while performing the same in the company mentioned above. I have never felt any particular desire to monopolize the several Songs, etc., that I have been fortunate enough to write, but have circulated them among the profession gratuitously, and this is the first instance, to my recollection, that I have ever "voluntarily" received the credit thereof.
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SKATING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.
GOODRICH DEFEATS SWIFT.

The second match for the championship and $2,000 between E. T. Goodrich, of Chicago, and Frank Swift, of New York, came off at the Union Pond, Williamsburgh, on Tuesday, Dec. 31, 1867. The contest attracted considerable attention, and the attendance was very large. Among the celebrities present we noticed John Engler, Jr., the "Skatorial King," as he is called; the Messrs. Cook and Cheereman, two of the best skaters in the New York Club; Palm Johnson and Al. Howard, of Brooklyn; Charley Beaman, Larry Norton, Jimmy Mead, and others of more or less note in the skating world. The ladies graced the occasion by their presence in goodly numbers, and as Brooklyn boasts of some first-class lady *artistes*, they were by no means the least attractive part of the entertainment. Miss Henrietta Bedell, Mrs. Lizzie Jackson, and Miss Ella Holmes, were the bright particular stars of the occasion, and as they flitted about the slippery surface of the pond, they seemed more like the fairies one reads about in story books than real flesh and blood.

About 2 o'clock the preparations were made for the match. A large square of the best ice was staked off at the northeastern corner of the pond. Mr. C. V. Dodge was chosen judge for Goodrich and Larry Norton for Swift. That old and well known Brooklyn skater, Palm Johnson, was selected as referee. As the time approached for the commencement of the match, the crowd became greater, new arrivals swelling the numbers each moment. As Goodrich, in his neat and attractive uniform, with his champion belt about his waist and his medals pendant from his breast, made his appearance, he was received with applause and immediately became the centre of attraction. Swift, who was attired in citizens' clothes, with no other insignia but his club badge, was not readily recognized by the crowd, and it was not until he made his appearance in the arena that he received an enthusiastic cheer from his friends. The new programme of the New York Skating Club, as published in last week's CLIPPER, was used in deciding the match. The entire 26 movements, with the exception of the "Serpentines," was gone through with, occupying about two hours' time. Swift took a commanding lead at the start, scoring double figures in the first nine movements, while Goodrich, with the exception of the inside roll, backward and forward, received singles. At this time the totals stood 18 to 10, with the New Yorker in the van. The chances of the Western champion looked rather slim at this time, and the friends of Swift were correspondingly jubilant. The chap from the West gained steadily on his opponent in the last 16 figures of the programme, scoring doubles in 15 of the movements; Swift scored seven doubles, eight singles and one zero. In the twenty-fifth figure of the programme, embracing original and peculiar movements, Swift received a severe fall, and this coming under the head of a "total failure," he received a zero (0.) The match was brought to a conclusion by a general display of combined movements, for which Swift scored 2 and Goodrich 1. At the conclusion the judges announced that the match had been decided by the rather close score of 42 to 40 and that Goodrich was the winner.

The following are the movements upon which the match was decided:—

1. Plain forward and backward movement. 2. "Lap foot" as field step and in cutting circle. 3. Outside edge roll forward. 4. "Dutch roll. 4 Outside edge roll backward. 5. Inside edge roll forward. 6. Inside edge roll backward. 7. Cross roll forward. 8. Cross roll backward. 9 Change of edge roll forward, commencing on outside or inside edge. 10 Change of edge roll backward, commencing on outside or inside edge. 11 (A.) "On to Richmond," i.e. cross one foot in front of the other, and with each stroke outside edge backward or forward. Reverse "on to Richmond," i.e. going forward by forward outside edge stroke, given alternately behind each leg. 12. Locomotives, forward, backward, sideways, single and double. 13. Waltz step. 14. Spread eagles, inside and outside edges. 15. Figures three, (a.) beginning inside on outside edge, on field send in eight "flying threes;" (b.) double three, beginning inside on outside edge. 16 Grape vines, including Philadephia twist vine. 17. Toe and heel movements, embracing pivot circling, spins (pirouettes) and movements on both toes, &c. 18. Single flat-foot spins and double-foot whirl. 19. Figure 8 on one foot forward. 20. Figure 8 on one foot backward. 21. Changes of edge, single and double. 22. One-foot loops inside and outside edge. 23. One-foot ringlets inside and outside edge. 24. Specialties, embracing original and peculiar movements. 25. General display of combined movements at the option of the contestants.

The next match will be skated in Cleveland or Pittsburgh, of which we shall make due announcement in proper time.

THE ART OF SKATING.

Skating, considered as an art, and in relation to the picturesque imagery thereby developed, assumes many attractive phases, which most beautifully display all the graceful attitudes and decorous gyrations of which the human form is susceptible. And those are intensified by the ever-varying curves evolved by the drapery that in diversified portions and variegated colors envelopes its votaries. The moving plumes, the undulating ribbons, the flowing robes and the glitter of jewelry distract the attention of the delighted beholder, and rivet it on the lovely wearers as they rapidly glide round him, and appear more like fairies than terrestrial creatures. If such emotions are suddenly excited by the charms of a few, what effect must be impressed on the bewildered imagination of a sensitive youth, when the brilliant and enchanting spectacle is magnified by the presence of a thousand equally fascinating. Such a scene the talented artist may delineate on canvas, but he cannot represent the kaleidoscopic changes and mutations of locality and pirouetting that constantly occur among the objects embraced by his vision; nor can he animate them with vitality. In vain would he implore the aid of Venus to impart life to his figures, as she is said to have done to the statue of Pygmalion, the work of his own hands, and with which he had fallen desperately in love. Skating is a perfect luxury of enjoyment—a carnival of fun and frolic—a jubilee of unrestrained pleasure. Who, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, after an hour's exercise on the skating pond, but will look upon the aristocrats of the hour, as they glide past in their sleighs, indolently reclining under costly robes with feelings of pity for the poor millionaire, whose limbs become almost useless from the inactivity and indolence of their owner? Dancing has been called the poetry of motion, but is there, we ask, any waltz, polka or quadrille half so graceful or picturesque as the scene one may behold any cold day on the Central Park ponds, or any of the other well known skating resorts about the metropolis. What pleasure to gaze upon a party of the devotees of the sport, as they glide over the smooth surface to the dulcet strains issuing from the pagoda of Mitchell's well-ordered park, drinking in deep draughts of health and happiness, and making the clear atmosphere ring with their glad shouts.

Some say it is not healthful for ladies to skate; but why? Isn't it just the exercise they want? Will it not give them strength, energy and beauty, develop their forms, and plant roses upon their cheeks? Besides, there is no prettier sight than that of a graceful lady-skater circling over the surface of the glassy pond, growing stronger and more beautiful every moment.

The skating pond, considered in a social point of view as a public diversion, elucidates, by instructive examples, the friendly intercourse, manners and customs that embellish an intelligent and virtuous community. Affording attractions peculiar to itself, it congregates on favorable occasions large numbers of both sexes, resembling the members of different family circles, who have been convened for the purpose of celebrating an annual domestic festival.

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In our Leaded or Editorial Columns nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.

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All Business Letters or communications must be addressed to the undersigned: FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor New York Clipper, No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

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OPEN THE YEAR ROUND. NO CLOSING FOR REPAIRS. The House has been Repainted and Redecorated, and the Company Reconstructed for 1867 and '68. The Company as now organized embraces a larger array of First Class Talent than has ever been concentrated in a Minstrel Troupe, embracing Comedians, Tragedians, Vocalists, Dancers and Instrumentalists, who will appear nightly in their Minstrel Illustrations. First class artists, particularly those having specialties, can always secure an opening by addressing R. M. HOOLEY, Proprietor. 24-tf

NO THOROUGHFARE,
DICKENS' CHRISTMAS STORY,
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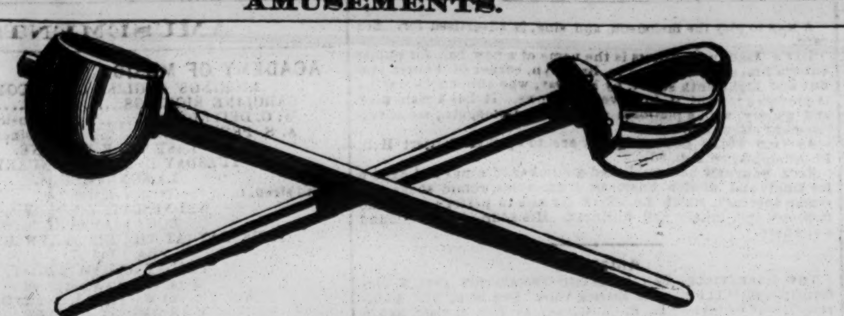

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